

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,099

DECEMBER 20, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

**THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 20, 1899**



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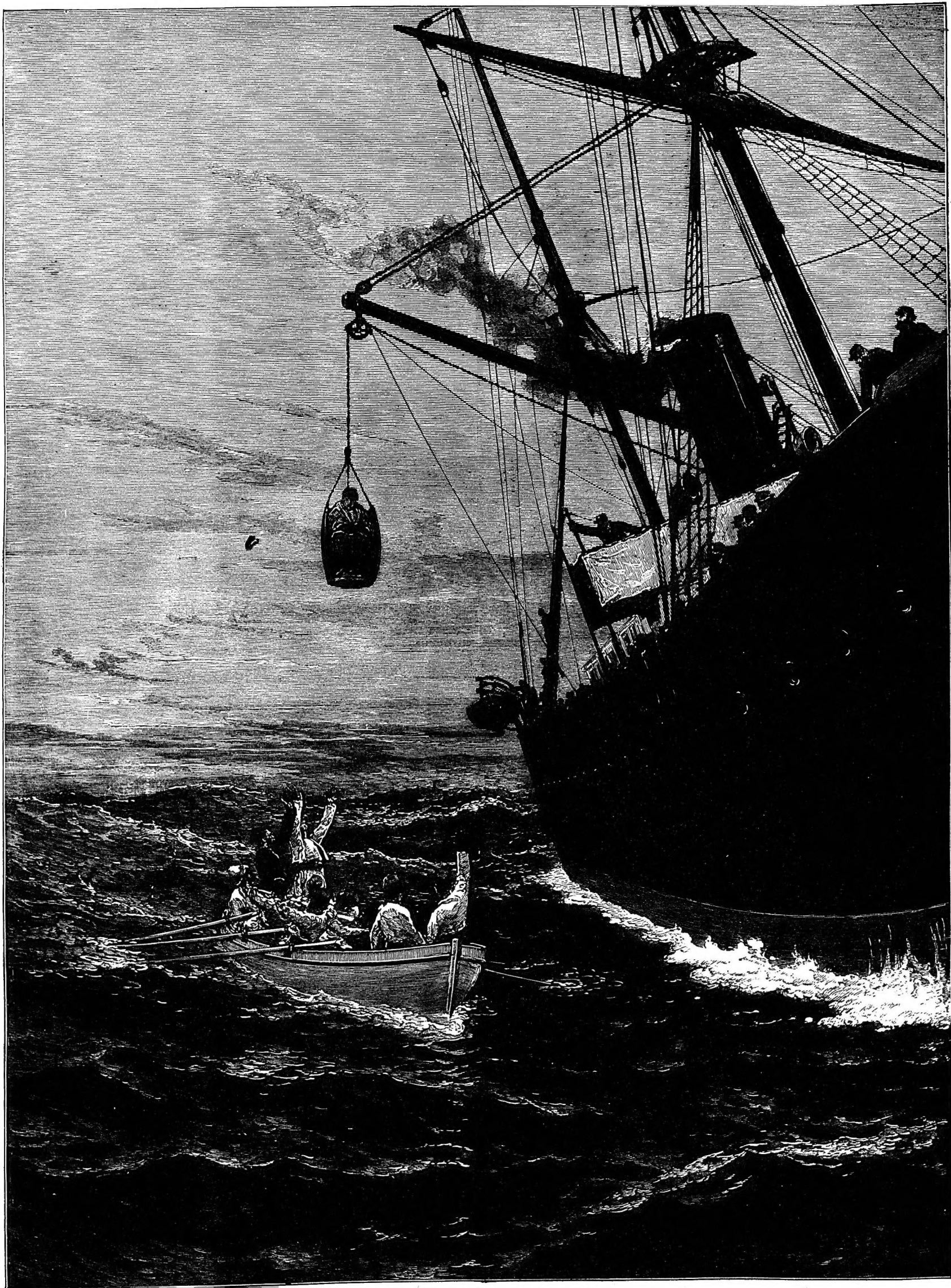
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

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ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM—LANDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES AT JAFFA



## Topics of the Week

**THE KILKENNY CATS.**—The split among the Nationalists seems to have revived in Ireland the humours of Donnybrook Fair. An idea prevailed on this side of the Channel—at any rate, among enthusiastic Gladstonians—that Paddy had become a sober-minded serious creature. It was quite a mistake. Give him a good excuse, and he is as ready as in the good old days, chronicled by Sir Jonah Barrington, to trail his coat and swing his blackthorn. At Kilkenny, there has been a battle quite of the Homeric type, in which, as is usual in Hibernian frays, the ludicrous and the tragical were closely intermingled. No one can help admiring the pluck of Mr. Michael Davitt, who has only one arm, yet rushed into the contest, armed with a thick hazel stick, and, after fighting desperately, emerged with his hat caved in like the nigger in "Camptown Races," and his face disfigured with heavy blows. The momentary interview between himself and Mr. Parnell, as the latter sat in his carriage, deserves to be as historical as the meeting between Livingstone and Stanley. Later, there happened what would merit the epithet of a dastardly outrage, even if it had been inflicted on one of Bloody Balfour's constabulary men. A bag of lime was hurled at Mr. Parnell, it struck him full in the face, causing him intense agony, and may even endanger his eyesight. Mr. Gladstone will have to alter his oft-repeated slogan, and substitute "Remember Kilkenny" for "Remember Mitchelstown." We wonder, by the way, what the Pope thinks of his faithful Irish ecclesiastics. They are quite as handy with their blackthorns as the laity; and as for Billingsgate (reverend canons, too, among them), English costermongers would find them hard to beat. Hurrah, then for Home Rule! "Erin go Bragh!"

**THE BASSETLAW ELECTION.**—Valiant efforts have of course been made to explain away the result of the Bassetlaw election. No one, however, should be deceived by these attempts, the meaning of the facts being much too clear to be misunderstood. The central fact is that the Unionists of the constituency are in essentially the same position as that which the Conservatives held in 1885, whereas there is a great falling-off in the Liberal vote. There has been, therefore, no particular strengthening of the impulses from which Conservatism derives its power; but it is manifest that a large number of Liberals must have deliberately abstained from going to the poll. How far are we justified in regarding the mood of this district as typical? As we have often said, by-elections cannot always, or generally, be taken as a test of national opinion. But in this respect the present by-election was undoubtedly to some extent exceptional. For several weeks the attention of the country has been absorbed by the events connected with the split in the Nationalist party. Hardly anything else in public affairs has been spoken about or thought of. We are therefore entitled—or rather, we are compelled—to suppose that the issue of the election was mainly determined by these events; and that if many Liberals, disgusted with the spectacle in Ireland, refused to give their votes for Home Rule, something of the same kind, in like circumstances, would happen in most other constituencies in Great Britain. It is possible that when an appeal is made to the country the Gladstonians may have recovered their ground, but certainly the omens are not now favourable. Everything indicates that a heavy blow has been dealt at the Home Rule cause; and it has been dealt, not by the brutal Saxon, but by Mr. Parnell himself and by his Nationalist friends and foes.

**EQUITABLE "LAND NATIONALISATION."**—So far as it has gone, the experiment of rooting the Irish peasant in the soil by buying out his landlord has proved a brilliant success. The fifth annual report of the Land Purchase Commission shows that the small Irish farmers are quite alive to the advantage of being converted into landowners at almost nominal cost. It is this class that chiefly turns the golden opportunity to account; out of 13,721 advances made by the Commissioners during the last five years for the purchase of land, 12,394 were for sums under 1,000*l.* It may be said, perhaps, that the "land hunger" is so sharp in Ireland that this eagerness to buy merely demonstrates Pat's recklessness. That theory, however, is in antagonism to other facts set forth in the report. In the first place, the average price paid last year for land taken up under the Ashbourne Act was only between sixteen and seventeen years' purchase, a conclusive proof that the buyers did not get the worst of the bargains. Next we have the significant fact that only three appeals have been made against the Commissioners' decisions from first to last, while they are able to report that only in seven cases have they had to fall back on the guarantee fund. Clearly, therefore, there cannot have been any reckless buying, or the number of such defaults must have been infinitely larger. One more quotation, and the report may be dismissed. The Commissioners state that "no loss whatever has occurred under the Land Purchase Act up to the present," a very remarkable circumstance, considering that nearly six millions sterling have been advanced in all. We have it demonstrated, therefore, that the process of converting Irish peasants into landowners by State instrumentality neither

leads to undue enhancement of values, nor to excessive competition, nor to litigations, nor to loss. Since then it has answered so well in one part of the United Kingdom, it would seem fair to assume that a similar system would operate to equal advantage in England, Scotland, and Wales. There are thousands of hard-working farm hands in these divisions of the Kingdom who would jump at the chance of becoming their own landlords on such advantageous terms. Why should it not be offered to them? They are quite as deserving as Pat; perhaps a little bit more deserving, taking one thing with another.

**CRIMINAL PROCEDURE IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.**—Coming close as it does after a sensational murder case at our own Central Criminal Court, the Eyraud-Bompard trial in Paris affords a good opportunity of contrasting the methods respectively pursued in the two countries for endeavouring to ascertain the guilt or innocence of alleged malefactors. It is possible that in this country guilty persons sometimes escape conviction through the jealousy with which the law protects them from any questioning by police-officers or others; nevertheless, we believe that if a thoughtful Frenchman were to read carefully the reports of the two trials referred to, he would admit that there is a good deal to be said in favour of our system. The French plan, whatever may be urged in its behalf, really belongs to the same category as the thumbscrew and the rack, for it is a form of torture; and, although important facts, otherwise undiscoverable, may sometimes thus be elicited, the jury are often led to sympathise with the prisoner, because the Judge can scarcely avoid assuming the attitude of a bully. This bullying tendency was especially observable in Eyraud's examination, for, as the man had pleaded guilty to Gouffé's murder, it was surely needless—even according to the rules of French jurisprudence—to question him about his previous career. Eyraud told the Judge so plainly, and he was right in his contention. It is indeed remarkable that in two countries so near each other, and between which there has been constant intercourse for more than 800 years, such diametrically opposite conceptions of criminal procedure should prevail.

**PRIEST AND POLITICIAN IN IRELAND.**—The vast majority of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood are evidently sternly opposed to Mr. Parnell. That they abhor the offence of which he has been proved guilty scarcely needs to be said; and it is equally clear that they are sincerely convinced that it absolutely unfits him for the position of a political leader. It is certain that they will work hard to destroy his influence, and in some cases their efforts will no doubt be crowned with success. We must not, however, too readily assume that they will be able to detach the peasantry as a class from the Parnellite party. Very few of the French clergy are Republican; the greater number of them believe strongly in the Monarchical principle. Yet they have not succeeded in making much impression on the political sympathies of the mass of the French people. Why may not their experience be repeated in Ireland? The priesthood have associated themselves prominently with the Nationalist movement, but it may be questioned whether they have had much to do with its progress. It would be truer to say that the current has swept them along than that it has derived force from their action. The Irish peasantry, like the peasantry of other Roman Catholic countries, have always drawn a more or less sharp distinction between the spiritual functions and the political pretensions of the clergy. In matters called secular they act mainly in accordance with what they conceive to be their interests, obeying the priest implicitly only when the call to obedience relates to the realm in which the supremacy of the Church is acknowledged. It will not be surprising, therefore, if in the present instance the peasantry are found to be on one side while the clergy are on the other. The issue will depend on considerations with which priests have little or no direct concern. Should Mr. Parnell win, that will not mean any loss of power by the ecclesiastical authorities. It will mean only that the peasantry think they must confine their attention to what are strictly their own affairs.

**BLACK OR WHITE?**—It is almost pleasant to know that there is one country where black humanity holds its own, and something more, against white. The Red Indian, the Maori, the Malagasy, the Australian Aborigines, and many of the finest native races in Africa, are in course of extermination by those implements of European civilisation—rum and gunpowder. But in the Southern States of the great American Republic the blacks are increasing faster than the whites. This is no new tale, of course; the fact was observed some years ago. But, as the numbers of the two races become more and more equalised, the outlook assumes a darker hue. It is estimated that at the end of the present century the descendants of the old slaves will outnumber the descendants of the old masters by half a million, and that ten years later the excess of blacks over whites will be more than a million. How does it happen, then, that the "nigger" in the Southern States shows himself superior to the civilising processes which have killed off sundry other black races like flies? It can scarcely be the climate, while we dismiss as far-fetched the ingenious theory that he owes his longevity to his abstention from politics. We should be more inclined to attribute his irrepressibility to heredity. His forefathers

came from the West Coast of Africa, where, even to the present day, indigenous humanity is too robust to take the slightest harm from the awful drink called "trade rum." There appears to be some subtle antidote in the West African constitution which counteracts the baneful effects of "big drunks." We see other instances of this peculiar gift of heredity in the blacks of the West Indies and British Guiana. Those who drink to excess seem to enjoy as good health as the abstemious, whereas down among the South Sea Islands every drunkard is marked out for early death. In China and India hard drinking is too little in vogue among the natives to admit of any conclusion as to whether they share the peculiar immunity of the West African constitution. Be that as it may, the whites of the Southern States clearly have all their work cut out to prevent the continuous growth of a black population which will not poison itself with politics, and cannot be poisoned with bad spirits.

**RECLAMATION OF FINE ART TREASURES.**—We have never felt any strong sympathy for the enthusiasts who go about digging up antiquities and carrying them away from the locality to which they belong. The more pronounced antiquaries of this type would remove Shakespeare's house to Olympia or the Agricultural Hall, and would re-erect Stonehenge in Kensington Gardens. Their defence, of course, would be that in their new position thousands would see these curiosities, where only scores see them now. There is, we admit, some valid excuse for the exhuming and removal of antiquities from semi-civilised regions where the natives regard them merely as useful material for house-building. And this excuse, in spite of Lord Byron's savage epigram, fully justified the grandfather of the present Lord Elgin when he brought to England the Marbles which are named after him. Greece was then overrun by Turks, who cared nothing for the treasures of Art. But now that the Greeks have had a national existence and a settled Government for more than fifty years, they desire greatly to get the Elgin Marbles back again. We think it would be a graceful and a politic act on our part to restore them. Both for students and sight-seers at the British Museum, carefully executed copies would answer equally well. We gave up the Ionian Islands to the Hellenic Monarchy, why not the Marbles? As we disgorged the camel, why boggle over the gnat? In conclusion, we may remark that this newly-born desire on the part of nations to retain and reclaim their own antiquities, has its inconveniences. The Italian Government, for example, forbids the exportation of antiquities, and, as it needs all its revenues for soldiers and ironclads, there are many impecunious persons of ancient lineage unable to find a buyer for the heirlooms which they are anxious to sell.

**UNSTUDIOUS STUDENTS.**—Mr. Goldwin Smith has been taken to task for insisting that "no boy should be sent to college who does not show a decided inclination for study." Yet there is surely a good deal to be said for this view. In the particular case to which he refers, there can be no doubt that he is right. It is true that the criminal impulse was exceptionally strong in Birchall; but if he had been engaged in some useful calling during the years he spent at Oxford, it is at least possible that the impulse would have been suppressed or weakened by wholesome discipline. Among the youths who flock to Universities and University Colleges, there are not many possible Birchalls; but neither are there among them many possible scholars, or men of letters, or men of science. And why should lads who cannot benefit much by University instruction be sent to waste some of the best years of life in the company of other lads who are precisely in the same position? Many of them do no real work while they are supposed to be filling their minds with learning. On the day when they quit the University they have no more genuine intellectual impulse than on the day when they entered it. On the other hand, they may have acquired habits which, to some extent, unfit them for ordinary duties. It is an utter mistake to imagine that all boys have the capacities which it is the proper business of a University to develop. Most people are by nature far better fitted for pursuits of a practical kind than for high and difficult studies; and it is best for themselves and for the community that, when school-days are over, they should at once pass under influences which are likely to help them to do justice to their talents. That would be good for the Universities also; for if they were attended only by men who have "a decided inclination for study," they would be able to place before themselves a much higher ideal of work than is now possible.

**COMPULSORY VOTING.**—It is not altogether unknown even in the staid and business-like British Parliament for Bills to be tabled which their authors must well know have no chance of passing. In cases of this sort, the uncharitable are wont to impute self-advertisement as the motive, but we prefer to discern an amiable design to lighten the ordinary proceedings with a little humour. Perhaps it may have been some reason of this sort which influenced the Hon. F. E. Gilman to introduce the other day into the Quebec Legislative Council a Bill rendering it compulsory on every elector to record his vote. At first sight, the idea looks purely farcical; at second sight, decidedly tyrannical; at third sight, full of humanity and far-reaching wisdom. Let us suppose that such a law were enacted in this country, and extended to all public elections—Parliamentary, muni-



Further particulars will be announced in due course.





THE JUDGING AT THE ST. BERNARD CLUB SHOW, HELD AT OLYMPIA

**THE ST. BERNARD CLUB SHOW**

THE tenth annual show of this club was held last week in the Concert Hall at Olympia, and was one of the best yet seen. There were 230 entries, divided into thirty classes. Mr. T. H. Green's Sir Bedivere easily won the Club Hundred-Guinea Challenge Cup and a piece of plate as being the best dog in the show; while a similar trophy for the best bitch fell to Mr. Joseph Smith's Sans Peur for the third year in succession. Sans Peur's famous son Keeper, who won the Hundred-Guinea Challenge Cup at the Agri-

cultural Hall this year, took two special prizes at Olympia. But besides these there were many other excellent animals showing the massive head, the deep wide chest, the arched muscular neck, with heavy dewlap, the big black nose, and the white markings on muzzle, chest, forelegs, and feet, which are among the "points" of a really good St. Bernard; who should, moreover, if a gentleman, be at least thirty inches in height, while, for the softer sex, the standard is twenty-seven inches. Whether male or female, a satisfactory specimen of this famous breed should have a face expressive of "benevolence, dignity, and intelligence."

**"DISCIPLINE ON DETACHMENT"**

OUR engravings, which are from sketches by Miss L. Wood, Woodbank, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, are sufficiently explained by their titles; though, for the benefit of those unversed in military language, we may mention that the expression "C.B.," in the hastily-given but not unduly harsh sentence, does not mean anything very terrible, but only "confinement to barracks;" while, in justice to the army, we should explain that such a rough-and-ready mode of dealing with offenders is not habitual.

Baroness Burdett-  
CouttsDuchess of  
WestminsterDuke of  
Westminster

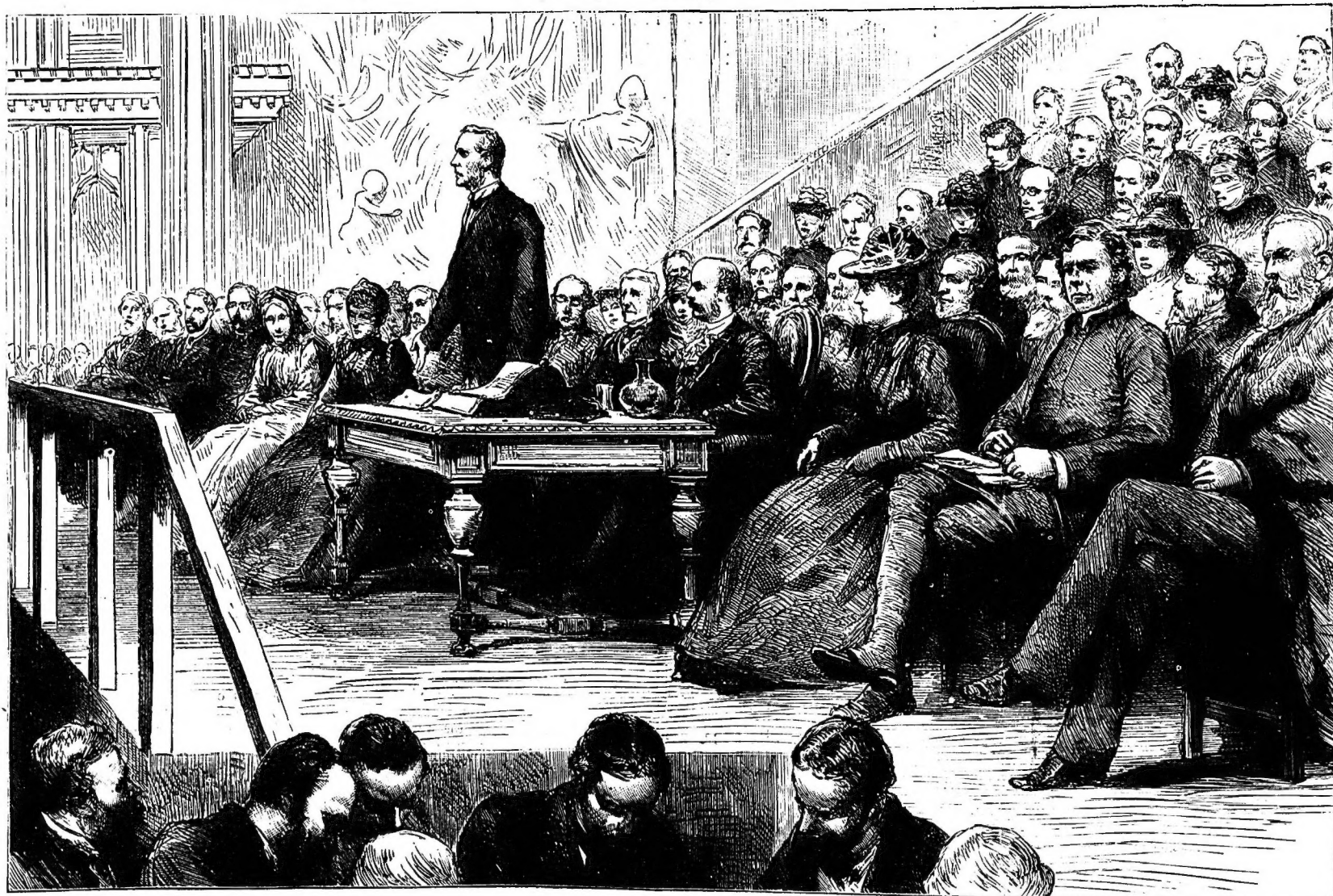
Lord Denman

Lord Mayor

Lady Mayorress

Bishop of Ripon

Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P.



THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA—MEETING AT THE GUILDHALL



## THE READER

IF nearly half a century of sport in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America can qualify a man to speak with authority on the pursuit of game, Sir Samuel Baker must be heard with respect and attention. No man who has ever held a gun in his hand, and who has the least capacity for holding his weapon straight, will fail to take up and enjoy the two goodly volumes, "Wild Beasts and their Ways," by Sir Samuel W. Baker (Macmillan and Co.). In them he will find reminiscences of sport in all parts of the earth, and hints and suggestions which few men are competent to neglect. Sir Samuel begins his experiences with the elephant, but treats that valuable animal rather as an aid to the pursuit of wild beasts than as an object of the chase, and declares that, though in early life he shot some hundreds, nothing would now induce him to shoot an elephant unless he were a notorious malefactor, or in self-defence. The book is throughout written in a most sportsman-like tone; sport, and not the bag, being Sir Samuel Baker's aim. Elephants being employed in tiger-shooting, the transition is easy to the tiger, and the author has some capital stories to tell of shooting in the Indian jungles from the nowdah. Sport in connection with these two animals take up the larger part of the first volume, though room is found for the lion, the leopard, and the bear. There is a capital account of hunting the black buck with the cheetah in India, and of a flight with a falcon in the chapter dealing with the leopard. Sir Samuel's meetings with the lion were all in the Soudan during the years when the great explorer and his wife were travelling along the White Nile, but most of his sport with the bear was in the Rocky Mountains. The second volume deals with the hippopotamus, the crocodile, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, the boar, and many varieties of the deer. Sir Samuel Baker does not treat his animals merely from the sporting point of view, but gives much interesting information on their habits, their lives, and the localities in which they are found, so that "Wild Beasts and their Ways" is a Natural History as well as a book of sport. One of the most interesting chapters in the work is the first, which deals with the rifle of the past half century, and traces the weapon from the rifle whose spherical bullet had to be rammed home with a mallet and powerful ramrod, to the accurate and highly finished sporting rifle of to-day. Sir Samuel Baker writes with the authority of a master of his subject, and there are few men who could read the book through and learn nothing from it.

Mexico has of late years been gradually coming back into the family of nations from which she was driven by the murder of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian. Diplomatic relations have been resumed, and English capital is everywhere opening up the railways and the commerce of the country. At the present moment therefore, when the eyes of many Englishmen are turned towards Mexico, any book that can give trustworthy information upon the state of the Central American Republic is of value. Such a book is "Face to Face with the Mexicans," by Mrs. F. C. Gooch (Sampson Low and Co.). It is a record of the information acquired by an American lady during a residence of nearly seven years in Mexico, and, though the author is confessedly a partisan and admirer of the Mexicans, yet she is capable of writing without exaggeration, and her book may be studied with profit. More especially will her experience be of value to any Englishwoman whose destiny may lead her to keep house in Mexico, for the troubles which new comers have to face may very frequently be escaped by avoiding the pit-falls into which Mrs. Gooch, as was only too natural, stumbled. In England the servant question is a constant grievance with housewives; in America the wives have confessed themselves beaten by it; but in Mexico it is still in a curiously primitive state. It is fairly easy to get servants, the difficulty seems to be to keep them. At every turn the mistress of the house is met with "No es costumbre" (it is not customary), until at last the unfortunate woman begins to think that eating and ornamenting the courtyard are the servants' only duties that are customary. Mrs. Gooch's first *moozo* left because she insisted upon doing her own marketing, and thus deprived him of his commission from the tradesmen; the second because he declared that his wife would get disease of the liver if she cooked at an American stove; and a third because his wife was told to cook some chickens when he had issued an edict that she should not do so. These *moozos* and their successors were faithful enough until they began to fancy they were losing their national *costumbres*, and then, with many bows, they politely but firmly walked out of the house. But Mrs. Gooch was not always at home; she travelled about the country a good deal, and her descriptions of her travels, of the towns she visited, and of the City of Mexico are very lively and interesting. She was also received into Mexican families, and mixed a good deal with the people, and, therefore, she has far more to say of the home-life of the inhabitants than most travellers can possibly learn. There are also chapters on Mexican history, literature, songs and dances, and feasts and festivals, and the book is well and fully illustrated from photographs and sketches. Mrs. Gooch's volume may be heartily recommended to any one who is thinking of settling in Mexico.

A book that it is extremely difficult to review in these columns is "The Rise of Christendom," by Edwin Johnson, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.). At the first glance it would appear to be an orthodox history of the Church, but in reality it is an elaborate attempt to prove that Christianity is a forgery of the mediæval monks, based upon the Koran and the traditions of the Rabbins. In the course of his inquiry Mr. Johnson examines the state of Rome under the Empire, and the moral and religious teaching among the Romans. He recounts all the traditions of the Mosque, and gives a sketch of the rise of Hebrew literature, and the system of Church literature. Many of the facts which Mr. Johnson brings forward in the attempt to prove his case are undoubtedly true, but he is too anxious to make every little piece of monkish imposition square with his fundamental theory that Christianity was invented by the Benedictines and Basilians of Monte Cassino. When we consider how difficult it is to get at the exact truth of matters happening during the present month, it will cause no surprise that so little should be known of what are justly called the "Dark Ages," but, putting the question on the lowest level, it is more reasonable to suppose that Christianity grew up gradually through the ages than that it suddenly spread over Europe from the monasteries of Italy in the thirteenth century.

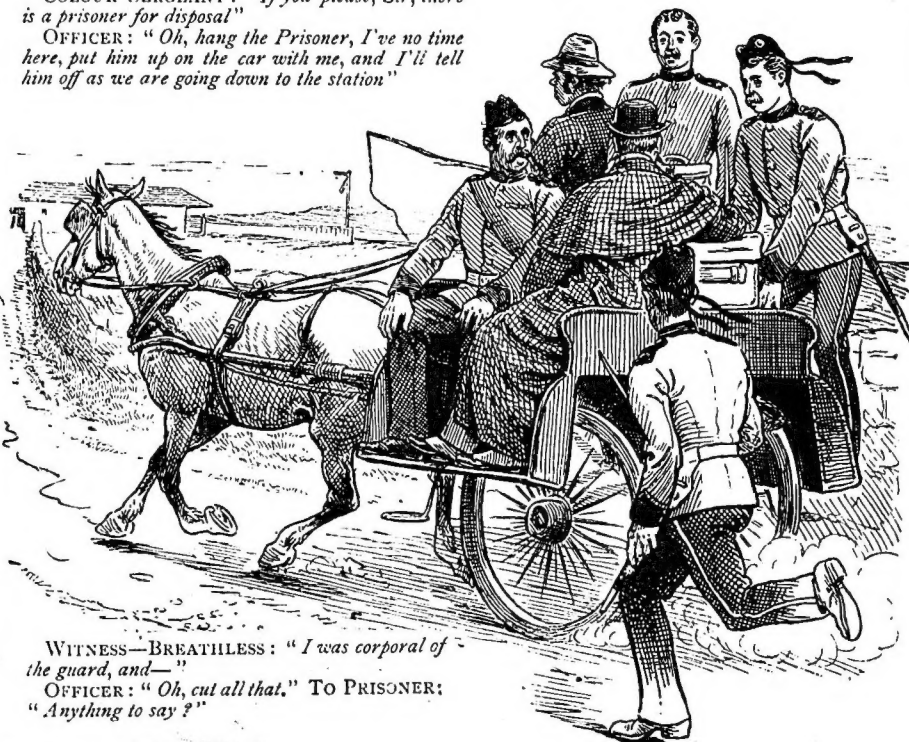
For all the attention that the average Londoner pays to the houses by which he is surrounded London might be an American oil city run up in the course of a few months, without history and without traditions. The houses are so uniform in appearance in the older parts of the town, and the means of identifying particular houses are so few, that it is not easy to discover the dwelling-place of a distinguished man yet living, much less the former residence of the mighty dead. Therefore, most Londoners, and all visitors, will welcome the third and enlarged edition of that very useful little handbook, "Memorable London Houses," by Wilmot Harrison (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). The book contains a short account of the houses in which some two hundred artists, authors, actors, statesmen, and other celebrated men have lived. Occasionally clever pen-portraits of the famous men, written by friends or biographers, have been introduced, and the book is illustrated with one hundred original drawings of the houses mentioned by Mr. G. N. Martin. A plan of London is prefixed, showing the situation of the houses in the central portion of the metropolis, and the arrangement of the work is so clear and concise that no one can possibly fail to discover the particular house to which he intends to make a pilgrimage.

The proper treatment of infants, and not a new system of philosophy, is the subject-matter of "New Life," by H. C. O'Neill and Edith A. Barnett (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). The advice given is good, but the style is goody-goody.



COLOUR SERGEANT: "If you please, Sir, there is a prisoner for disposal"

OFFICER: "Oh, hang the Prisoner, I've no time here, put him up on the car with me, and I'll tell him off as we are going down to the station"



WITNESS—BREATHELESS: "I was corporal of the guard, and—"

OFFICER: "Oh, cut all that." TO PRISONER: "Anything to say?"



THE SENTENCE: "Fined five shillings and seven days, C.B."

DISCIPLINE ON DETACHMENT



## THE INDIAN AGITATION IN THE UNITED STATES

It seems doubtful whether the death of Sitting Bull will check the Indian trouble in South Dakota now that the braves have "tasted blood." The various tribes have been raiding on the settlers, and carrying off cattle in all directions, especially on the Cheyenne river, while the Sioux in the camp in Badlands showed every sign of going on the war-path. As Sitting Bull appeared to be preparing to join this camp, a force of police invaded his camp near Standing Rock, and arrested the old chief. His followers, headed by his son Blackbird, attacked the police (some account of whom is given below, and who appear in one of our sketches), and, in the fray, both Sitting Bull and his son were killed. But the police were scarcely strong enough to hold their ground, and would have been cut to pieces had not a cavalry detachment appeared just in time, and put the Indians to flight. Severe losses ensued on both sides, but the Government forces, managed to secure the camp with the Indians' wives and children, while the surviving braves fled to Badlands, where they form an important reinforcement to the rebellious Sioux. The dead chief, Sitting Bull, was a most determined and bloodthirsty opponent of the whites. He is best known in connection with the great rising of 1876 and the massacre of General Custer's band, although he directed rather than carried out the latter plan, his fighting chief, Crazy Horses, being the real leader. After the war, Sitting Bull fled to Canada, but was pardoned and returned to his hunting-grounds. Still he never regained his former influence as head of the Sioux. He travelled for some time with the Wild West Show.

Pine Ridge Agency, the head-quarters of the United States Government Agent in charge of the great Sioux Indian Reservation in Dakota, is situated near the south-west corner of the territory. The Reservation is of considerable extent, with a population of about 8,000 Indians, chiefly Ogalalla Sioux. The hereditary chief is "Old Man Afraid of His Horses," now upwards of eighty years of age. The majority of both sexes still use paint in personal adornment. The face is often coloured yellow, the cheeks vermilion, with bands of the same colour across the forehead and down the nose, also on the scalp at the partings of the hair. Next to the paint, eagles' feathers are the most conspicuous and universal piece of finery; they are generally worn attached to the scalp-lock by the men, and are largely used by the women for the adornment of the curious cradles peculiar to the race. The men in many instances still retain the picturesque costume of their ancestors. The women's dress approaches more nearly to the fashion of their civilised sisters.

The Agent is assisted by a staff of clerks and mechanics. There is also an Episcopal missionary and a doctor attached to the post, and a staff of ladies in charge of a Government boarding school for the Indian children. The school has accommodation for nearly two hundred. The boys and girls are dressed in a neat uniform, are not allowed to paint, and look bright and happy. In ability they, so far, compare favourably with white children, but it will be some years yet before the result of the education now provided by the Government for the Indian tribes can be fairly estimated. Service in the Mission Church is conducted in the Sioux language. The Reservation is kept rigorously closed against the whites, except such as receive a special license, chiefly squaw-men (i.e., white men married to Indian women) and traders. Order is kept on the Reservation by a company of Indian police under the orders of the agent. They are dressed in a becoming grey uniform, and are armed with carbines, bayonets, and revolvers. As with most Indians, moccasins are worn instead of shoes, and the hair is dressed in Indian fashion, two long locks carried down in front of the shoulders, and fastened by bows of beaver skin or red cloth.

Clothing and rations are issued by the Government to all. The "beef issue" has some peculiar features. The steers are issued alive from the Government corral, as many as from 300 to 400 at a time; each family singles out its own share of the herd. The braves, on horseback, and armed with rifles, chase the cattle, driving them to the direction of their several camps. The animals—naturally wild—are made furious by the yells and noise, and a very fair representation of the old buffalo hunt takes place. The steers, when driven to a convenient spot, are shot, skinned, and the meat divided. Certain tit-bits are cut from the warm carcass and eaten raw. The Indians are by degrees being induced to build houses, but the great number prefer the old tepee, the interior furnished with dressed skins, buffalo robes, and blankets arranged on the ground. Arms, ornaments, &c., suspended from the poles, and a fire in the middle of the floor, give a certain air of barbaric comfort. Some of the Indians have considerable wealth in flocks and herds, but few care to do much in tilling the ground. The half-breeds, of whom there are many, are fine specimens physically, and generations hence, no doubt, the race will be completely absorbed by the ever-advancing white wave, and live only in the traditions of the past, a darker tinge on cheek and brow, and a distinctive strain of temper and character, in scattered families of the Great Republic. —Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Colin A. McVean, F.R.G.S., Killmore House, Pennyghael, by Olan, N.B.

## LEGAL

THE TRIAL OF MR. BUTTERFIELD, indicted at the Central Criminal Court for publishing a libel concerning Mr. Henry Marks, the editor of the *Financial News*, came to a close on Wednesday, after having lasted the best part of a fortnight. The Recorder's summing up was strongly in favour of the prosecutor, but the verdict of the jury, returned after an hour and a quarter's deliberation, was one of Not Guilty, with the rider that the alleged libel was true, that the plea of justification was made out, and that the publication was for the public benefit. Before the proceedings closed, the Recorder remarked that he entirely disagreed with the verdict. Mr. Marks has to pay the costs of the prosecution. Sir Charles Russell led for the prosecution, and Mr. C. F. Gill for Mr. Butterfield.

THE HOME SECRETARY, after considering a number of sworn declarations, intimated on Wednesday, in a letter to Mrs. Pearcey's solicitor, that he has ordered a medical inquiry, authorised by the Criminal Lunatics Act, 1884, to be held into the state of her mind.

AS JUNIOR COMMON LAW COUNSEL TO THE TREASURY, Mr. Wright, who has just been raised to the Bench, is succeeded by Mr. Henry Sutton, of the North-eastern Circuit, who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1870.—In the Recordship of Hanley Mr. John Rose, who was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1868, succeeds the late Mr. J. B. Brindley.

THOMAS MACDONALD has been found guilty at the Liverpool Assizes of the brutal murder of Miss Holt, near Bolton, previously chronicled in this column. He was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Cave.

THE PROPRIETORS OF A PATENT MEDICINE overshot the mark when they advertised their specific as having rescued a sick person from the grave to which they alleged the patient was being despatched by his medical adviser. For this statement a Leeds jury mulcted those who made it in 1,000*l.* damages.

THE DARTFORD MAGISTRATES some time since gave, in a case of petty larceny, a sentence of twenty-one days' imprisonment, and for this they were denounced in rather strong language by a local newspaper. Its publishers, two brothers, were proceeded against criminally and found guilty, both judge and jury, however, taking a lenient view of the case. On the prisoners being brought up on Monday for judgment, Mr. Justice Stephen took the opportunity to

point attention to the extreme recklessness with which sentences are too often discussed by persons who know nothing of the matter, and, regarding this to be an evil of considerable public importance, he imposed a fine of 100*l.* on each of the offenders, or imprisonment until the fine be paid.

IN TWO RECENT CASES, dramatised versions of novels by Mr. Wilkie Collins have formed the subject-matter of litigation. In the first case, the novel dramatised was "The Woman in White," which after its publication was dramatised by Mr. Collins himself. His executors brought an action to restrain Mr. Henry Bedford from performing another dramatised version of the same novel. Mr. Justice Kekewich gave judgment for the defendant with costs, the law being that any one is at liberty to dramatisate a novel, and in this instance the fact being that there were essential differences between Mr. Wilkie Collins's dramatic adaptation and that of the defendant. In the second case both the plaintiffs and their ground of action were the same, though the circumstances were different. The action was the same, though the circumstances were different. The novel dramatised was "The New Magdalen," but Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama with the same title had been published before his novel. Mr. Justice Kekewich granted a perpetual injunction against the performance of the dramatised version of the novel, being of opinion that there was a strong similarity between the two dramas.

## HOME

"AS IN 1885, ONLY BETTER" Gladstonians cannot say of the result of the Bassetlaw election. At the last contest for the seat, in that year, the late Mr. Beckett (C.), who was returned unopposed in 1886, won the seat by a majority of 275. On Monday his son-in-law, Sir Frederick Milner (C.), supported by the Liberal Unionists of the division, defeated by a majority of 728 Mr. J. W. Mellor (G.) in spite of an unwonted appearance of Mr. Gladstone himself on the scene, and his earnest appeal to the electors to support his candidature, 4,072 votes were given to Mr. Beckett's opponent in 1885; Mr. Mellor received only 3,653. The figures of the two elections speak for themselves. Sir F. Milner is not new to Parliamentary life, as he represented the City of York from 1883 to 1885.—Our



SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BART.  
The Successful Candidate at the Bassetlaw Election

portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

IN IRELAND the combat thickens, and the war of words between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites is accompanied by a war of blows. In North Kilkenny, where the anti-Parnellite candidate, Sir J. Pope Hennessey is opposed by the Parnellite, Mr. Vincent Scully, the contending forces have met face to face, with a result very instructive to neutrals. On Tuesday, Mr. Davitt and Dr. Tanner harangued a crowd of anti-Parnellites from a car in the market-square of Ballinakill, while close to them, from a break, Mr. Parnell, who was accompanied by Mr. Vincent Scully, denounced Sir J. Pope Hennessey. There was soon a collision between the two audiences. The combatants belaboured each other with ashplant and blackthorn sticks, and Mr. Davitt joined energetically in the fray, with a thick hazel-stick fighting his way in the company of a handful of followers, to Mr. Parnell's break, receiving as well as giving blows, his face showing marks of the resistance which he had met with from his foes. His "objective" reached, he reviled Mr. Parnell to his face, and then fought his way back to his starting-point amid blows and execrations from the enemy. So far Mr. Parnell had escaped without personal injury, but his turn came before the day was over. At Castlecomer Mr. Davitt and Dr. Tanner, with a crowd of followers, again confronted Mr. Parnell, who, addressing a meeting of his sympathisers, spoke of Mr. Davitt as a "jackdaw," and of Dr. Tanner as a "cock-sparrow." Further conflicts ensued between the opposing parties, a Roman Catholic priest, who brandished a mighty cudgel, leading a contingent of anti-Parnellites to the attack. The constabulary, who had been for a time merely on-lookers, interfered, and the Parnellites drove away from the town, but not before a final *mélée*, in which, besides stones and mud, bags of lime were thrown at them. One of these struck Mr. Parnell in the face, blinding him for the time. So intense was the pain caused him that he had to stop several times during the journey to Kilkenny, while a medical friend attempted to remove the lime from his eyes, of which he had not recovered the use when he arrived at his destination. At midnight Mr. Parnell, with his face bandaged, from the window of a Kilkenny Hotel addressed a sympathetic crowd, which gave loud expression to a feeling of exasperation at the treatment he had received at Castlecomer.—The storming of the office of *United Ireland* by Mr. Parnell has been followed by an anti-Parnellite recapture of it, and this by a final seizure of the premises on the part of the Parnellites, who remain the *loci possidentes*. The vanquished party proceeded to issue a daily journal, entitled *Suppressed United Ireland*, but, on an application being made on the part of Mr. Parnell, an interlocutory injunction restraining its publication was granted by the Irish Vice-Chancellor, on the ground that it was a colourable imitation of the other journal, still, by a strange misnomer, entitled *United Ireland*.

A DINNER was given on Tuesday by the Liberal Union Club to Mr. J. A. Froude, the brilliant historian and essayist. Sir Henry James, who presided, pointed out, in a very able and spirited speech, that if it had not been for the revolt of the Liberal Unionists in 1885 against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, the government of Ireland would have been in the hands of the very man with

whom Mr. Gladstone now declares it to be impossible for him to associate. Mr. Froude, in a vivid retrospect of the history of Ireland since its conquest by the English, showed that for centuries the Sovereigns of England, instead of Anglicising it, as Mr. Gladstone asserts, administered Ireland according to Irish ideas, allowing it virtual Home Rule, with the result that it lapsed into sanguinary anarchy. He quoted a passage from the diary of Colonel Jacob, of Jacob's Horse, in which he said, "The Asiatic means Jacob, by liberty that he had a right to be governed; he would consider it by the most horrible tyranny to make him govern himself. You must govern him, and govern him well, or he will cut your throat." "Substitute Irishman for Asiatic," Mr. Froude thus concluded his interesting speech, "and that is all I have to say on the Irish question."

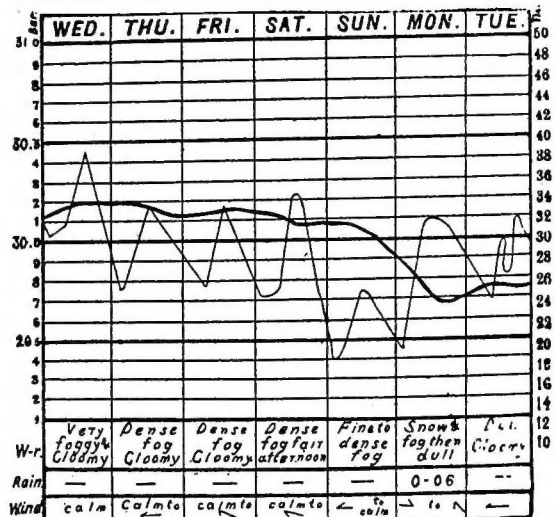
THE SITTINGS OF THE COURT-MARTIAL on the three survivors of the wreck of H.M.S. *Serpent* began on Tuesday at Devonport. Although they were nominally prisoners, no charge was brought against them. The Court found on Wednesday that the loss of the vessel was due to an error of judgment on the part of those responsible for its navigation in not shaping a course sufficiently to the westward.

THE DEATH, just after he had attained his eighty-fifth year, is announced of Lord Tollemache, one of the most actively and beneficently useful of English landowners. He had for his sphere of operations the estates of Peckforton, Cheshire, containing 26,000 acres, and Helmingham, Suffolk, of some 7,000 acres. Believing occupancies of about 200 acres to be best for tenants, he broke up his estates into farms of that size, and built for them between fifty and sixty farmhouses, at a cost of 148,000*l.* His total expenditure on farm-homesteads, and labourers' cottages up to 1881 amounted to 280,000*l.* By providing each of his cottage-tenants, of whom there are 250 on the Peckforton estate, with three acres and a cow, he originated that historic phrase. He subscribed liberally to churches and chapels alike. Having established, for the benefit of the children of both farmers and farm labourers, some district schools at Helmingham—from which, out of regard for the feelings of Dissenters, the teaching of the Church catechism was excluded—he found farmers object to have their children taught along with those of labourers. Lord Tollemache overcame this opposition by sending his own boys to the schools, and retaining them there for a considerable time. He was raised to the Peerage in 1875, having previously represented divisions of Cheshire from 1841 to 1872. He is succeeded in the title by his son, the Hon. W. F. Tollemache.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death after a short illness, of Mrs. Mundella, wife of the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella; when about to enter her eighty-fourth year, of Mrs. George Cruikshank, widow of the celebrated artist; in his seventy-first year, of General Sir Edmund A. Whitmore, who served in the Crimean War as A.D.C. to Sir George Brown, and after filling various important offices, among them that of Military Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, 1880-85, was appointed in 1889 Colonel of the East Lancashire Regiment; and in his sixty-third year, of Major Cathart Bogle, who received the Victoria Cross, for the gallantry with which he, then a young lieutenant in the 78th Highlanders, on July 29th, 1857, when the gate of Oonao was blown in, collected a few men of his regiment and stormed the passage, opening a way for Havelock's force.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (16th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been very dull in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, and while mostly mild, with occasional rain in the West of our Islands, has been of an exceptionally severe wintry character over England. Pressure up till Sunday (14th inst.) was chiefly lowest to the Westward or Southward, and highest to the Eastward of our Islands. In the West and North mild Southerly breezes, with occasional rather heavy falls of rain were experienced, while elsewhere thick mists or dense fogs, with frosts of increasing severity from day to day, were very prevalent. Over the Metropolis the fogs were a daily occurrence, and frequently very dull and black. The frost reached its greatest intensity by Sunday morning (14th inst.), when minimum readings over England fell below 32° in several places, and below 15° in one or two instances, and during the day-time in some places the thermometer did not rise above 25° in some places. In London the maximum reading did not exceed 32°. After Sunday (14th inst.) the mercury over our Islands fell somewhat quickly, and by the following morning (15th inst.) a complete change in the distribution of pressure was shown, a large area of low readings being then found over Great Britain. This depression, which at first caused decided Northerly winds in the West, with snow over the South-East of England, and an increase of temperature, apparently subsequently moved South and West. Thus, at the close of the week Easterly or South-Easterly breezes had become general, while the weather remained dull or gloomy, and cold in most places. The temperature has been considerably below the average generally. The lowest readings of the week, which occurred on Sunday (14th inst.) were 14° at Loughborough and Cambridge; in London the lowest was 18°.

The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (29.70 inches) on Monday (15th inst.); range 0.50 inch. The temperature was highest (39°) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (18°) on Sunday (14th inst.); range 21°.

Rain (snow) fell on one day. Total amount 0.06 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.06 inch on Monday (15th inst.)

CRACKERS.—Chief among the purveyors of crackers stands Tom Smith. His boxes this year are as pretty and amusing as ever, one of his new designs being "Stanley's Discoveries," ornamented with portraits of Central African celebrities. The "Puzzle Crackers" will cause a good deal of amusement, and the "Monster Jewel Crackers" will certainly be most popular. Nor must the "Old Familiar Faces" or the "Darwinian Crackers" be passed by without mention, for they too will cause delight to the little ones during the Christmas Holidays. But even Tom Smith does not get his own way entirely, for Hovell is running him close in the race for cracker popularity. This maker has also a set of "Stanley Crackers," containing swords, pistols, and other weapons. If "Stanley" appeals to the little boys, "Dolly's Trouseaux" will equally win the hearts of the tiny maidens, while the "Newmarket" and "Theatrical" crackers should be favourites with children of a larger growth.



## CHURCH NEWS

THE PROCTORS for the promoters of the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln have lodged their notice of appeal against the Primate's judgment, and it has been communicated to the Registrar of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD intimates that a well-wisher to the East London Fund, who desires to remain anonymous, offers to contribute to it 600*l.* if fifty others will contribute 500*l.* each before February 1st, 1891.—Lady Howard de Walden has given 1,000*l.* to the Bishop of London's Fund.

THE PROMULGATION OF GENERAL BOOTH'S SCHEME is leading the friends of the Church Army to bring prominently before the public its claims to support. Lord Meath presided at a recent meeting of them, and after giving an interesting account, from personal inspection, of the labour colonies system in Germany, said that the Church Army had adopted it in many of its details before the publication of General Booth's book.—Arrangements are being made to open Church Army Labour Homes in many of the largest towns in England.—Cardinal Manning, in a letter to a correspondent, says that General Booth proposes to deal with classes which, being "beyond the reach of older agencies, need a new and special agency directed to them alone." "If," he adds, "General Booth can do the work which no one is now doing, he will be doing great good. His plans are not new, and need good management; if well guided they will reclaim and raise many that are now lost."

MISCELLANEOUS.—A residence for the Bishop of Wakefield is about to be erected in Wakefield. 1,500*l.* has been raised by subscription for the purchase of the site.—The guarantee fund for the Rhyl Church Congress of 1891 already exceeds that raised for the Hull Congress of the present year.—Before the cremation, in accordance with his desire, of the remains of the late Baron Huddleston, at Woking, the Church of England Burial Service was used, with the slight variation, "We commit his body to its rest," instead of "to the ground."—The death, in his fifty-seventh year, is announced of the Rev. Matthew H. Lee, Canon of St. Asaph, and Vicar of Hanmer, from the church of which, during its destruction by fire in 1889, he courageously rescued the parish register and plate. He was a zealous antiquary, and in 1882 edited the diaries and letters of Matthew Henry, the eminent Biblical commentator, his maternal ancestor.—The death is also announced, in his seventy-ninth year, of the Rev. William Tyler, a well-known Congregationalist minister, to whom mainly is due the establishment of the Bethnal Green Free Library, and the Working Lads' Institute in Whitechapel Road, and who originated the Widows' Fund for Ministers belonging to the London Congregational Board.

THE VOICE OF ROBERT BROWNING was reproduced by the phonograph on the first anniversary of the poet's death last week. One night in April, 1889, Browning repeated some of his own poetry into the machine, and the waxen cylinder had been untouched till a gathering of friends at Mr. Haweis' house enjoyed the rare experience of hearing "the sound of a voice that is still."

## THE FUNERAL OF THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS

THE obsequies of William III. were celebrated with great pomp on December 4th. Fifty thousand visitors came into the Hague to witness the spectacle. Most of them wore orange cockades trimmed with crape. The gas-lamps and houses along the line of route were veiled with crape. It was very imposing to hear all the military bands playing Chopin's Funeral March, and to see the best soldiers and sailors of the Netherlands slowly march past. After them came the Court officials and chaplains; then the Royal Standard, the sabre, the apple, the sceptre, and the crown, were carried by; and then came the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, preceding the funeral car. This was drawn by eight horses, and was open on all sides, so as to show the coffin under a baldachin. On the dais were

and the Minister of Justice put his seal on it. Then the Herald proclaimed to the crowd the interment of the remains of William III.—Our engraving is from a photograph taken in the market-place at Delft, near the church, and sent to us by Messrs. Emrik and Binger, Haarlem.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT READING

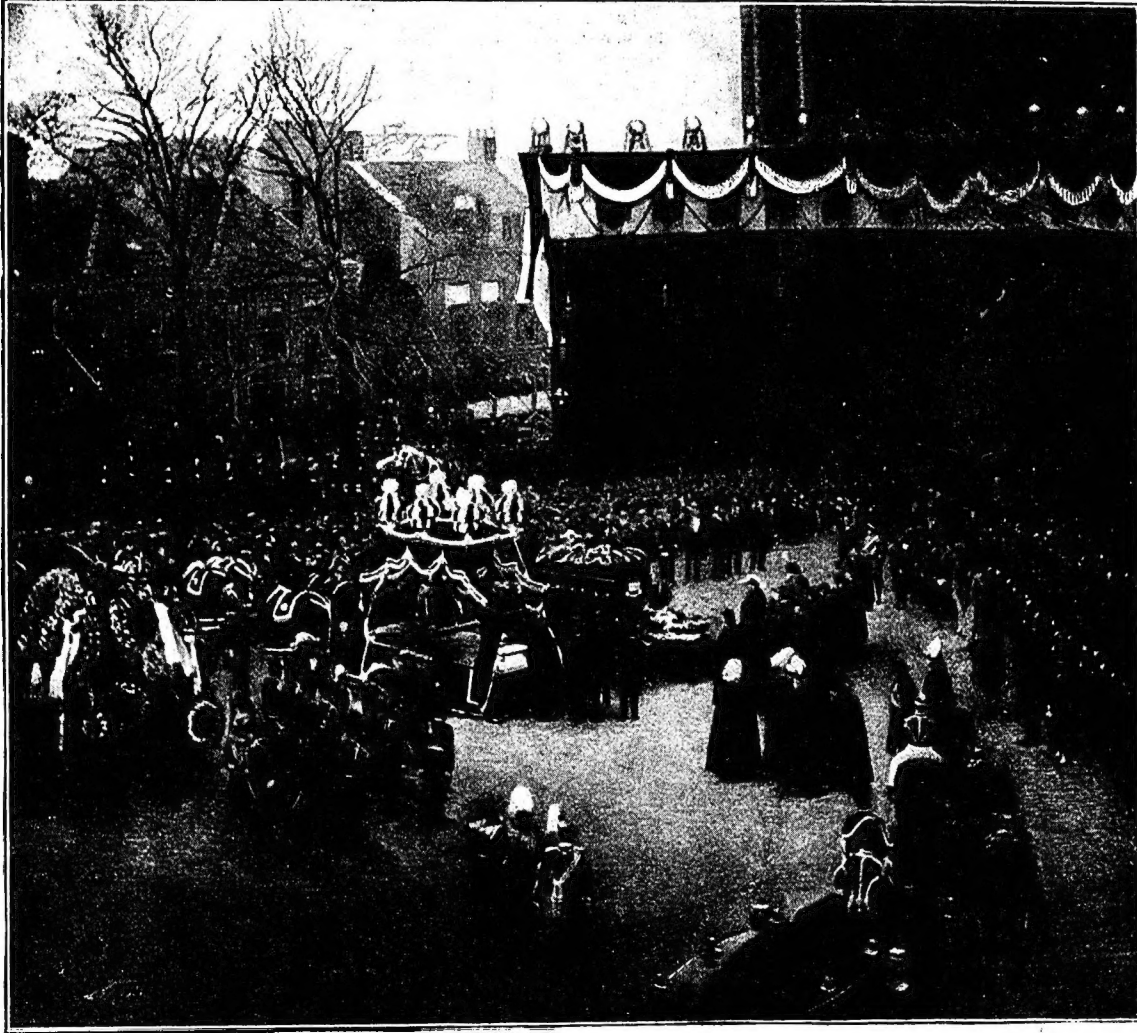
IN spite of fog, frost, and snow, an enthusiastic reception awaited the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale on Monday last, when the latter was installed by his father in the office of Provincial Grand Master of the newly-created province of Berkshire. After addresses had been received and acknowledged, the party, which included the Duke of Connaught and many other distinguished Masons, went to the new Town Hall, which was filled with spectators. Here the Provincial Grand Lodge was opened shortly after midday, and the Prince of Wales, in a brief speech, introduced the Duke of Clarence, whose patent of appointment was read by Colonel Shadwell Clerke, Grand Secretary; after which His Royal Highness was duly installed. As his deputy, he appointed Mr. John Thornhill Morland. An adjournment was then made to the Jubilee Hall, at Messrs. Sutton's establishment, where luncheon was served. The Duke of Clarence gave the toast of "The Queen and the Craft," and the Duke of Connaught proposed "The Health of the Prince of Wales," remarking as he did so on the great development of Freemasonry since His Royal Highness became Grand Master. The Prince responded, and, after further toasts and speeches from the Duke of Clarence, Lord Alcester, and Lord Carrington, the proceedings terminated.

LONDON FOGS seriously injure plant-life in the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, so the Secretary states. The tropical plants suffer from the want of light as much as from the deleterious ingredients of a town-fog—smoke, sulphur, and so forth. Soft tender-leaved plants and aquatics, such as the *Victoria Regia*, feel the evil effects most of all.

ICE IS FLOATING IN THE SHELDT in such large masses that the navigation is much impeded. Pilots will no longer undertake to convey wooden vessels or sailing ships up the river, while only large steamers are admitted into the docks at Antwerp. The steam ferry-boats crossing from Antwerp to the opposite shore find the ice very dangerous, and it is feared that, unless the frost breaks speedily, the port will be closed altogether, like the navigation on the canals to Brussels and between Terneuzen and Ghent.

THE JOURNAL OF FERDINAND LASSALLE, the founder of German Socialism, will appear shortly in a Teutonic magazine. Lassalle bequeathed the papers to Countess Hatzfeldt, and the present German Ambassador to England has handed them over for publication.

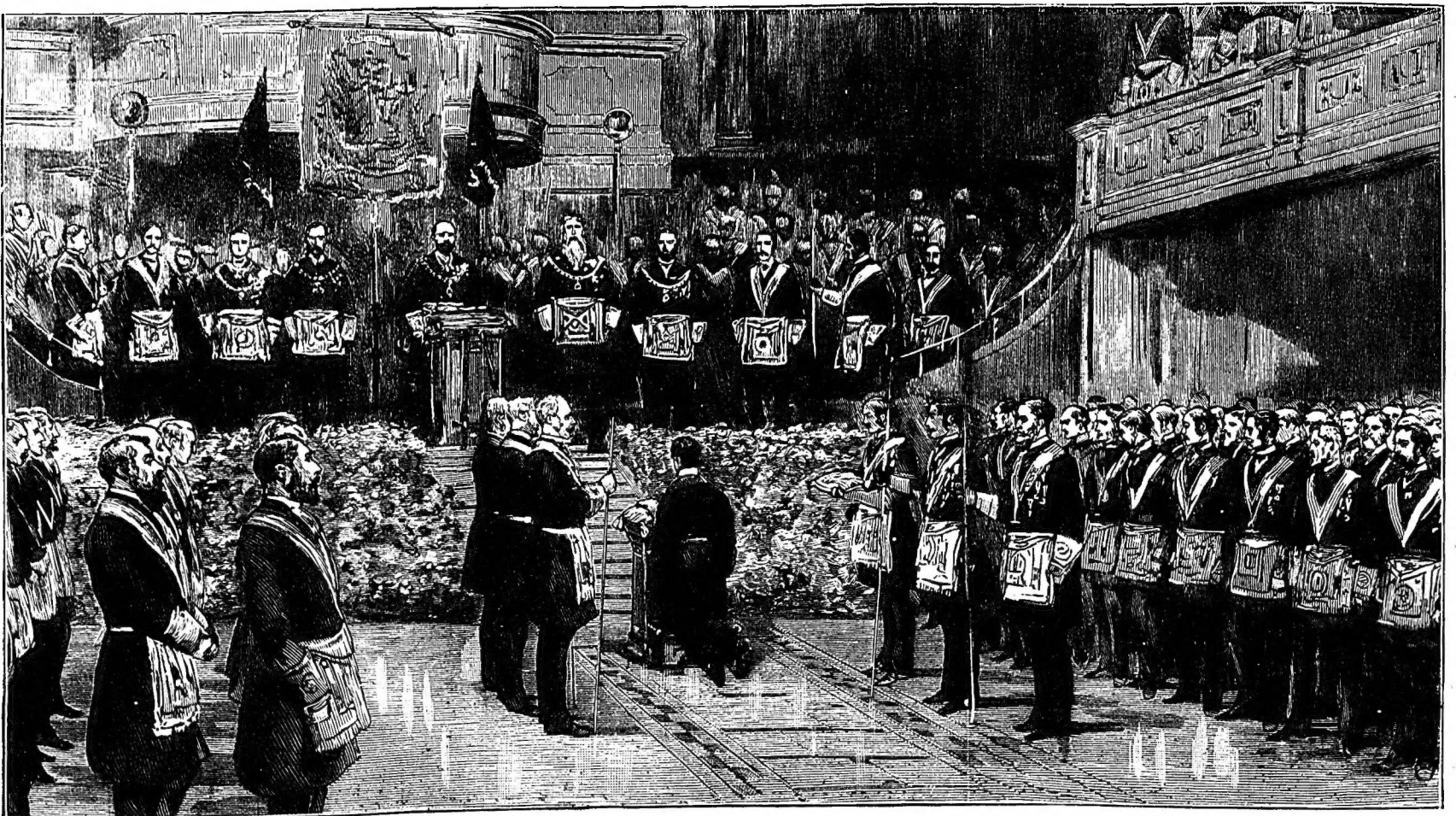
THE CHRISTMAS MAILS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES this season are the heaviest ever known. One Cunard boat leaving Liverpool on Saturday carried 1,061 sacks of letters, mostly containing Christmas cards and presents, while a White Star Liner preceding her was little less loaded with 1,006 sacks. No single vessel has ever before carried so many letters.



THE KING OF HOLLAND'S FUNERAL AT THE HAGUE  
The Procession outside the New Church at Delft.

six white and six black ostrich plumes of great size. Behind the car came a chariot loaded with wreaths of natural and artificial flowers, including gifts from Queen Victoria and President Carnot.

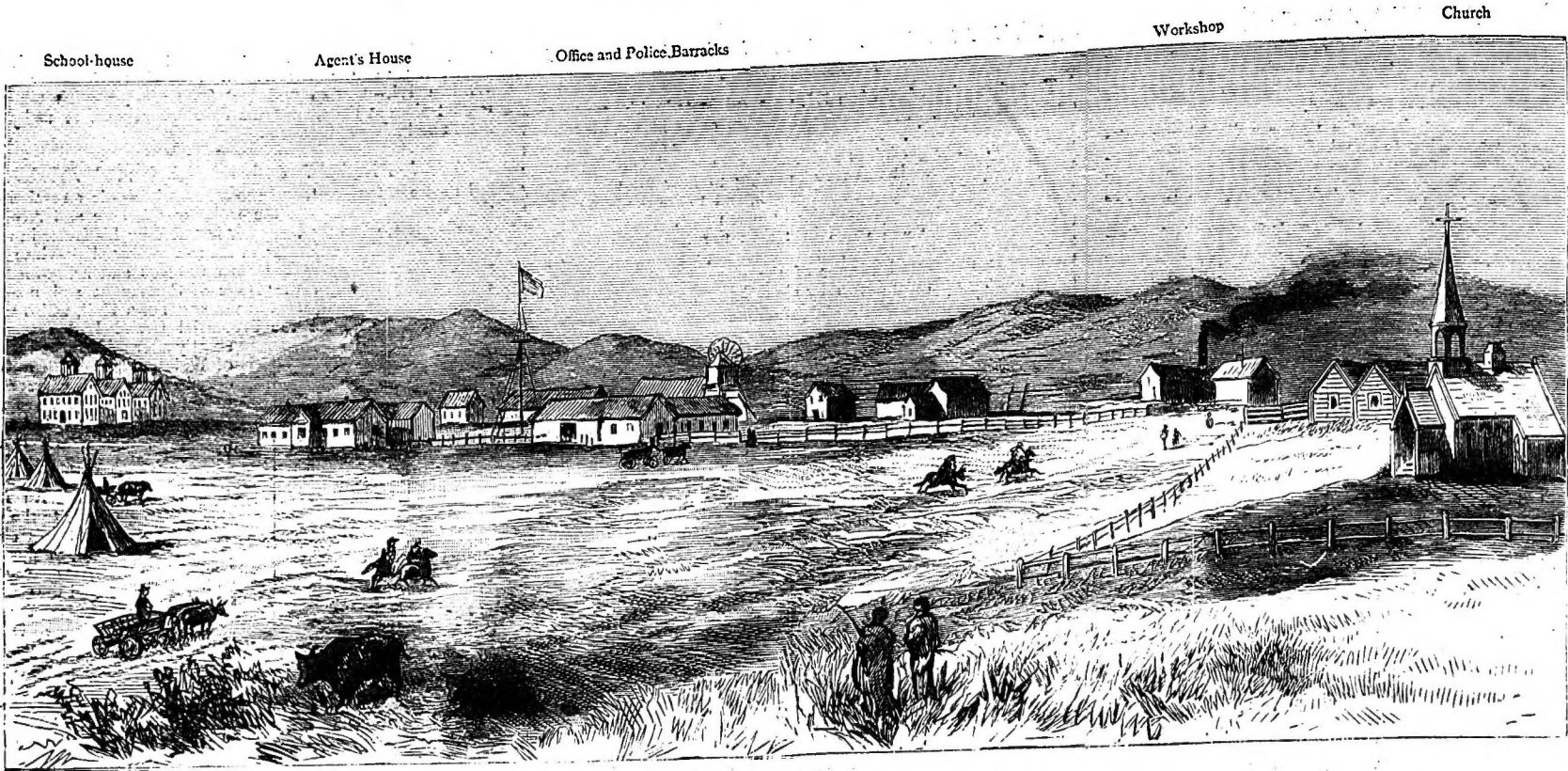
The grand cavalcade of the King's Adjutants, in their brilliant uniforms, was particularly striking. They were followed by the foreign princes, who attended the funeral in carriages, and they again by persons representing various crowned heads. The procession was closed by Chasseurs and Artillery. On arrival at Delft the coffin was carried to the new church, and interred in the Royal Vault beneath the monument of William the Silent. The Court Chaplain delivered an address, the coffin was lowered into the vault,



THE INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AT READING AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF THE BERKSHIRE FREEMASONS



THE GRAPHIC



GENERAL VIEW OF THE AGENCY



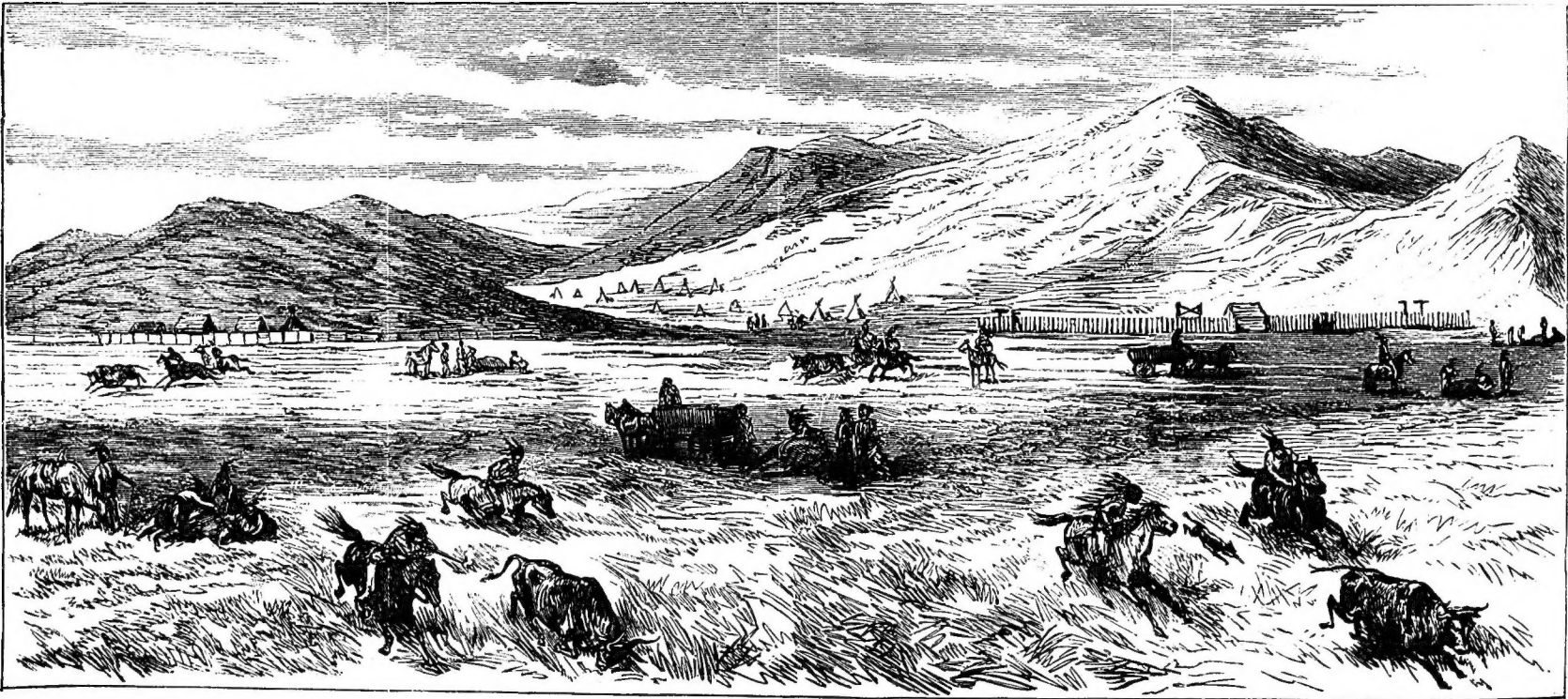
CHIEF OF THE SIOUX, NAMED "OLD MAN AFRAID OF HORSES"



INDIAN POLICE AT PINE RIDGE



AN INDIAN SQUAW CARRYING A BABY IN A CRAULE



The Government Corral

BEEF ISSUE AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY

THE AMERICAN INDIAN RISING—PINE RIDGE AGENCY, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE SIOUX INDIANS' RESERVATION IN DAKOTA





DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"The next moment she and Solomon Gills were in the hands of the troopers"

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

### CHAPTER LVI.

#### EURYDICE

IN the hall again, seated in the window, is Urith. The window is planted high in the wall, so high, that to look out at it a sort of dais must be ascended, consisting of a step. On this dais is an ancient Tudor chair, high in the seat, as was usual with such chairs, made when floors were of slate and were rush-strewn, calculated to keep the feet above the stone, resting on a stool. Thus, elevated two steps above the floor, to whit, on the dais and the footstool, sat Urith as an enthroned queen, but a queen most forlorn, deadly pale, with sunken eyes, that had become so large as to seem to fill her entire face, which remained impassive, self-absorbed.

She made no allusion to Anthony; after he had withdrawn, she forgot that she had seen him. His presence when before her rendered her uneasy, so that, out of pity for her distress, he removed, when at once she sank back into the condition which had become fixed. But Anthony was again in the hall on this occasion, resolved once more to try to draw her from her lethargy.

She sat uplifted in her chair, trifling with the broken token. She was swinging it like a pendulum before her, and to do this she leaned forward that the ribbon might hang free of her bosom. Though her eyes rested on the half-disc, its movement did not seem to interest her, and yet she never suffered the sway entirely to cease. So soon as the vibration became imperceptible, she put a finger to the coin and set it swinging once more.

Anthony had seated himself on the dais step, and looked up into her face, and, as he looked, recalled how he had gazed in that same face on Devil Tor, when he had carried her through the fire. An infinite yearning and tenderness came on him. His heart swelled, and he said low, but distinct, with a quiver in his voice—

"Urith!"

She slowly turned her head, fixed her eyes on him, and said, "Aye."

"Urith! Do you not know me?"

She had averted her head again. Slowly, mechanically, she again turned her face to him, seemed to be gathering her thoughts, and then said,

"You are like Anthony. But you are not he. I cannot tell who you are."

"I am your Anthony!"

He caught her elbow, to draw her hand to him, to kiss it, but she started at the touch, shivered to her very feet, so as to rattle the stool under them, plucked her arm from him, and said quickly,

"Do not touch me. I will not be touched."

He heaved a long breath, and put his hand to his head.

"How can you forget me, Urith. Do you not recall how I had you in my arms, and leaped with you through the fire, on Devil Tor?"

"I was carried by him—he is dead—not by you." She looked steadily at him. "No—not by you."

"It was I!" he exclaimed with vehemence. "I set you on my horse, dearest. It was I—I—I. Oh Urith! do not pretend not to know me! I have been away, in danger of my life, and I thought in the battle of you, only of you. Urith! my love! Turn your eyes on me. Look steadily at me. Do you remember how, when I had set you on my horse, I stood with my hand on the neck, and my eyes on you. You dazzled me then. My head spun, Urith! dear Urith, then I first knew that you only could be mine, that nowhere in the whole world could I find another I would care for. And yet—whilst I discovered that, I foresaw something dreadful, it was undefined, a mere shadow—and now it has come. Look me in the eyes, my darling! look me in the eyes, and you must know me."

She obeyed him, in the same mechanical, dead manner, and said, "I will not thus be addressed, I am no man's darling. I was the darling of Anthony once—a long time ago; but he ceased to love me; and he is dead. I killed him."

"Anthony never ceased to love you. It is false. He always loved you, but sometimes more than at other times, for his self-love rose up and smothered his love for you—but never for long."

"Did Anthony never cease to love me? How do you know that? How can you know that? You are deceiving me."

"It is true. None know it as I do."

She shook her head.

"Listen to me, Urith. Anthony never loved any but you."

"He had loved Julian," answered Urith. "He had from a child, and first love always lasts, it is tough and enduring."

"No, he never loved her. I swear to you."

She shook her head again, but drew a long breath, as though shaking off something of her load. "I cannot think you know," she said, after a pause.

"I knew Anthony as myself." He caught her hand. "I insist—look me steadily in the face."

She obeyed. Her eyes were without light, her hand was cold, and shrinking from his touch, but he would not let it go. For a while there was symptom of struggle in her face, as though she desired to withdraw her eyes from him, but his superior will overcame the dim, half-formed desire, and then into her eyes came a faint glimmer of inquiry, then of vague alarm.

"Urith?"

"It is a long way down," she said.

"A long way down? What do you mean?"

"I am looking into hell."

"What! through my eyes?"

"I do not know; I am looking, and it goes down deep, then deeper, and again deeper. I am sinking, and at last I see him, he is far, far away down there in flames." She paused, and intensity of gaze came into her eyes. "In chains." She still looked, the iris of each orb contracting as though actually strained to see something afar off. "Parched." Then she moaned, and her face quivered. "All because he loved Julian when he was mine, and I shall go there too—for I killed him. I do not care. I could not be in heaven, and he there. I will be there—with him. I killed him."

Anthony was dismayed. It seemed impossible to bring her to recognition. But he resolved to make one more attempt.

He had let go her hand, and as he withdrew his eyes, her head returned to its former position; and once more she began to play with the pendant token.

Her profile was against the window. The consuming internal fire had burnt away all that was earthly, common in her, and had etherealised, refined the face.

"Urith!"

"Why do you vex me?"

"Turn fully round to me, Urith. What is that in your hand?"

"A token."

"Who gave it you?"

"It belonged to my father."

"It is broken."

"Everything is broken. Nothing is sound. Faith—trust—love." She paused between each word, as gathering her thoughts. "Everything is broken. Words—promises—oaths." Then she looked at the token: "Everything is broken. Hearts are broken—lives—unions—nothing is sound."

"Look at this, Urith."

Anthony drew from his breast the half-token that had belonged to his mother, and placed it against that which Urith held.

"See, Urith! they fit together."

It was so, the ragged edge of one closed into the ragged edge of the other.

She looked at it, seemed surprised, parted the portions, and reclosed them again.

"Everything broken may be mended, Urith," said Anthony.

"Faith—trust—love. Do you see? Faith shaken and rent may

## THE GRAPHIC

become firm and sound again, and trust be restored as it was, and love be closed fast. Unions—a little parted by misunderstanding, by errors, may be healed. Do you see—Urith?

She looked questioningly into his eyes, then back at the token, then into his eyes again.

"Is it so?" she asked, as in a dream.

"It is so, you see it is so. See—this broken half-token belonged to your father; that to my mother. Each had failed the other. All seemed lost and ruined for ever and ever. But it could not be—the broken pledge must be made whole, the promises redeemed, the parts must be reunited—and Urith! they are so in us."

He caught her by both hands, and looking into her face, began to sing, in low soft times:—

An evening so clear  
I would that I were  
To kiss thy soft cheek  
With the lightest of air.  
The star that is twinkling  
So brightly above,  
I would that I might be  
To enlighten my love!

A marvellous thing took place as he sang.

As he sang he saw—he saw the gradual return of the far-away soul. It was like Orpheus in Hades with his harp charming back the beloved, the lost Eurydice.

As he sang, step by step, nay, hardly so, hairs-breadth by hairs-breadth, as the dawn creeps up the sky over the moor, the spirit returned from the abysses where it had lost its way in darkness.

As he sang, Anthony doubted his own power, feared the slightest interruption, the least thing to intervene and scare the tremulous spirit-life back into the profound whence he was conjuring it.

The soul came, slow as the dawn, and yet, unlike the dawn in this, that it came under compulsion. It came as the treasure heaved from a mine, responsive to the effort employed to lift it; let that strain be desisted from, and it would remain stationary or fall back to where it was before.

An explosion of firearms, the crash of broken glass, and the rattle of bullets against the walls.

Instantly Anthony had leaped to his feet, caught Urith in his arms, and carried her where she was protected by the walls, for the bullets had penetrated the window and whizzed past her head.

At the same moment he saw Solomon Gibbs, who plunged into the hall, red, his wig on one side, shouting, "Tony! for God's sake fly! the troopers are here, sent after you. I've fastened the front door. Quick—be off. They'll string you up to the next tree."

He was deafened by blows against the main entrance, a solid oak-door on stout iron hinges let into the granite. It was fastened by a cross-bar—almost a beam—that ran back into a socket in the jamb, when the door was unbarred.

"Tony! not an instant is to be lost. Make off. But by the Lord! I don't know how. They are clambering over the garden-wall to get at the back-door. There are a score of them—troopers under Captain Fogg!"

Anthony had Urith in his arms. He looked at her, her eyes were fixed on him, full of terror, but also—intelligence.

"Anthony!" she said, "what is it? Are you in danger?"

"They seek my life, dearest. It is forfeit. Never mind. Give me a kiss. We part in love."

"Anthony!" she clung to him. "Oh Anthony! What does it all mean?"

"I cannot tell you now. I suppose it is over. Thank God for this kiss, my love—my love."

The soldiers were battering at the door; two were up at the hall window, ripping and smashing at the panes. But there was no possibility of getting in that way, as each light was protected by stout iron stanchions.

"By the Lord! Tony. I'll fasten the back-door!" shouted Mr. Gibbs. "Get out somehow—Urith! if you have wits, show him the trapway. Quick! not a moment is to be lost—whilst I bar the back door." Solomon flew out of the hall.

"Come," said Urith. "Anthony! I will show you." She held his hand. She drew it to her, and pressed it to her bosom. It touched the broken token—and she had his half-token in her hand.

"Anthony! when joined—to be again separate?"

They passed behind the main door, whilst the troopers thundere against it, pouring forth threats, oaths, and curses. They had drawn a great post from the barn over against the porch, and were driving this against the door. That door itself would stand any number of such blows, not so the hinges, or rather the granite jambs into which the iron crooks on which the hinges turned were let; as Anthony and Urith went by, a piece of granite started by the jar flew from its place, and fell at their feet. Another blow, and the crook would be driven in, and with it the upper portion of the door.

On the further side of the entrance passage, facing the door into the hall, was one that gave access to a room employed formerly as a buttery. In it were now empty casks, old saddles, and a variety of farm lumber, and, amongst them, that cradle that Anthony had despised, the cradle in which Urith had been lulled to her infantine slumbers.

Urith thrust the cradle aside, stooped, lifted a trap-door in the wooden-planked floor, and disclosed steps.

"Down there," she said, "fly—be quick—grope your way along, it runs in the thickness of the garden wall, and opens towards the chapel."

"One kiss, Urith!"

They were locked in each others' arms. Then Anthony disengaged himself.

A shout! The door had fallen in. A shot—it had been fired through the window by a soldier without who had distinguished figures, though seen indistinctly, through the cobwebbed, dusky panes of the buttery window. Anthony disappeared down the secret passage. Urith put her hand to her head a moment, then a sudden idea flashed through her brain; she caught with both arms the cradle, and crashed it down into the narrow passage, blocking it completely, and threw back the door that closed the entrance.

Next moment she and Solomon Gibbs were in the hands of the troopers who had burst in.

"Let go—that is a woman!" called the commanding officer. "Who are you?" This to Mr. Gibbs. "Are you Anthony Cleverdon? You a rebel?"

"I—I a rebel! I never handled a sword in my life," answered Mr. Gibbs, without loss of composure; "but, my lads, at single-stick, I'm your man."

"Come!—who are you?"

"I am a man of the pen, Mr. Solomon Gibbs, attorney," answered the old fellow; "and, master—whatever be your name, I'd like to see your warrant—breaking into a house as you have done. I can't finger a sword or musket, but, by Saint Charles the Martyr, I can make you skip and squeak with a goose quill; and I will, for this offence."

"Search the house," ordered Captain Fogg, the officer in command of the party. "I know that the rebel is here; he has been seen. He cannot have escaped; he is secreted somewhere. Meanwhile keep this lawyer-rascal in custody. Here—you, madam!—to Urith—what is your name, and who are you?"

"I am Anthony Cleverdon's wife."

"And he—where is he?"

"Gone."

"Where is he gone to?"

"I do not know."

"Who is this fellow in the hands of my men?"

"He is my uncle, my mother's brother, Mr. Solomon Gibbs."

"Search the house," ordered the captain. "Madam, if we catch your husband, we shall make short work with him. Here is a post with which we broke open the door; we will run it out of an upstairs window and hang him from it."

"You will not take him; he is away."

In the mean time the soldiers had overrun the house. No room, no closet, not the attics were unexplored. Anthony could not be found.

"What have we here?" A couple of troopers had lifted the trap and discovered the passage.

"It is choked," said the captain. "What is that? An old cradle thrust away there? Fore heaven! he can't have got off that way, the cradle stops the way. The bird had flown before we came up the hill."

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## ANOTHER PARTING

IMMEDIATELY after Sedgemoor, a small detachment had been sent under Captain Fogg to Tavistock from the Royal Army to seek out and arrest, and deal summarily with, such volunteers as had joined the rebels from thence. Not only so, but the officer was enjoined to do his utmost to obtain evidence as to what gentlemen were disaffected to the King in that district; and to discover how far they were compromised in the attempt of Monmouth. Mr. Crymes' papers had been secured in his coach. They contained correspondence, but, for the most part, letters of excuse and evasion of his attempt to draw other men of position into the rebellion. With the letters were lists of the volunteers, and names of those who, it was thought, might be induced later to join the movement.

There existed in the mind of James and his advisers a suspicion that the Earl of Bedford, angry at the judicial murder of his son, was a favourite of Monmouth, and Captain Fogg was particularly ordered to find out, if such existed, proofs of his complicity.

The part Anthony had taken was too well known for him to remain neglected; and Fogg had been enjoined to seize and make short work with him.

Between two of the tors or granite crags that tower above the gorge of the Tavy where it bursts from the moor, at the place called The Cleave, are to be seen at the present day the massive remains of an oblong structure connecting the rocks, and forming a parallelogram. This was standing unruined at the time of our story. For whatever purpose it may have served originally, it had eventually been converted into a shelter-hut for cattle and for shepherds.

There was a doorway, and there were narrow loophole windows; the roof was of turf. At one end, against the rock, a rude fireplace had been constructed; but there was no proper chimney—the smoke had to find its way, as best it might, out of a hole in the roof above, which also admitted some light and a good deal of rain. A huge castle of rock in horizontal slabs walled off the hut from the north, and gave it some shelter from the storms that blew thence. There was a door to the opening that could be fastened, which was well, as it faced the south-west, whence blew the prevailing wind laden with rain; but the windows were unglazed—they were mere slots, through which the wind entered freely. The floor was littered with bracken, and was dry. The crushed fern exhaled a pleasant odour.

Outside the hut, in early morning, sat Anthony with Urith among the rocks, looking down into the gorge. The valley was full of white mist, out of which occasionally a grey rock thrust its head. Above the mist the moor-peaks and rounded hills glittered in the morning sun.

Anthony sat with his arm about Urith; he had drawn her head upon his breast, and every moment he stooped to kiss it. Tears were in her eyes—tears sparkling as the dewdrops on bracken and heather—tears of happiness. The dusky shadows of the past had rolled away: a shock had thrown her mind off its balance, and a shock had restored it. What led to that brief period of darkness, what occurred during it, was to her like a troubled dream of which no connected story remained—only a reminiscence of pain and terror. She knew now that Anthony loved her, and there was peace in her soul. He loved her. She cared for nothing else. That was to her everything. That he was in danger she knew. How he had got into it she did not dare to inquire. But one thought filled her mind and soul, displacing every other—he loved her.

It was so. Anthony did love her, and loved her alone. When he was away—in the camp, on the march, in the battlefield—his mind had turned to Urith and his home. Filled with anxiety about her from what he had heard from Mr. Crymes, he had become a prey to despair; and, if he had fought in the engagement of Sedgemoor with desperate valour, it had been in the hopes of falling, for he believed that no more chance of happiness remained to him.

After his escape, an irresistible longing to see his Urith once more, and learn for certain how she was, and how she regarded him, had drawn him to Willsworthy. And now, that she was restored to him in mind and heart, he stood, perhaps, in as great peril as at any time since he had joined the insurgents. He knew this, but was sanguine. The vast extent of the moor was before him, where he could hide for months, and it would be impossible for an enemy to surprise him. Where he then was, on the cliffs above the Tavy, he was safe, and safe within reach of home. No one could approach unobserved, and opportunities of escape lay ready on all sides—a thousand hiding-places among the piles of broken rock, and bogs that could be put between himself and a pursuer. Nevertheless, he could not remain for ever thus hiding. He must escape across the seas, as he was certain to be proscribed, and a price set on his head. That he must be with Urith but for a day or two he was well aware, and every moment that she was with him was to him precious. She did not know this: she thought she had recovered him for ever, and he did not deceive her.

Now he began to tell her of his adventures—of how he had joined the Duke, and been appointed Captain of the South Devon band; of how they had been received in Taunton; how they had marched to Bristol, and almost attacked it; and then of the disastrous day at Sedgemoor.

"Come!" said Anthony, "let us have a fire. With the mists of morning rising, the smoke from the hut will escape notice."

The air of morning was cold.

Holding Urith still to his side, he went with her into the hut. It was without furniture of any sort. Blocks of stones served as seats; but there was a crook over the hearth, and an iron pot hanging from bushes, dry turf—that had been piled there by a shepherd in winter, and left unconsumed.

Urith set herself to work to make a fire and prepare. They were merry as children on a picnic, getting ready for a breakfast. Urith had brought up what she could in a basket from Willsworthy, and soon a bright and joy-inspiring fire was blazing on the hearth.

Anthony rolled a stone beside it and made Urith sit thereon, whilst he threw himself in the fern at her feet and held her hand. They talked, watching and feeding the fire, and expecting the pot to boil. They did not laugh much, they had no jokes with each

other. Love had ceased to be a butterfly, and was rather the honey-bearing bee, and the honey it brought was drawn out of the blossoms of sorrow.

To Urith it gave satisfaction to see how changed Anthony was from the spoiled, wayward, dissatisfied fellow who had thought only of himself, to a man resolute, tender, and strong. As she looked at him, pride swelled in her heart, and her dark eyes told what she felt. But a little time had passed over both their heads, and yet in that little while much had been changed in both. How much in herself she did not know, but she marked and was glad to recognise the change in him.

As they talked, intent in each other, almost unable to withdraw their eyes from each other, the door opened, and Mr. Solomon Gibbs entered.

"There!—there!" said he, "a pretty sharp watch you keep. You might have been surprised for aught of guard you kept."

"Come here," said Anthony; "sit by the fire and tell me what is being done below."

Mr. Solomon Gibbs shook his head. "You cannot remain here, Tony; you must be off—over the seas—and I will take care of Urith, and have the windows patched at Willsworthy."

"I know I must," said Anthony, gloomily, and he took Urith's hand and drew it round his neck; never had she been dearer to him than now, when he must part from her.

"Oh! uncle!" exclaimed Urith, "he must not indeed go hence now that he has returned to me."

"I am safe here for a while," said Anthony, and he pressed his lips to Urith's hand.

"Can you say that, with the rare look-out you keep?" asked Mr. Gibbs. Then he gazed into the fire, putting up his hand and scratching his head under the wig. He said no more for a minute, but presently, without looking at Anthony, he went on, "Those fellows under their Captain—Fogg is his name—are turning the place upside down; they have visited pretty nigh every house and hovel in quest of rebels, as they call them. The confounded nuisance is that they have a list of the young fellows who went from these parts. As fast as any of them come home, if they have escaped the battle, they drop into the hands of the troopers."

Anthony said nothing, he was troubled. Urith's large dark eyes were fixed on her uncle.

"The Duke of Monmouth has been taken, I hear; he hid in a field, in a ditch among the nettles. No chance for him. His Majesty, King James, will have no bowels of compassion for such a nephew. For the Protestants of England there is now no hope save in the Prince of Orange."

Then Uncle Solomon put his hand round behind Anthony and nudged him, so as not to attract the attention of Urith.

"And whilst we are waiting we may be consumed," said Anthony.

Then Solomon nudged Anthony again, and winked at him, and made a sign that he desired to have a word with him outside the door.

"Fore Heaven, Tony!" said he, "we are as careless as before. I who bade you keep a watch have forgotten myself in talking with you. Go forth, lad, and cast a look about thee."

Anthony rose from the fern, and went to the door. He stood in it a moment, looking from side to side, then closed the door, and went further.

Mr. Gibbs took off his wig and rubbed his head. "The mist in the valley has taken the curl out, Urith. I wish you would dry my wig by the blaze, and I will clap my hat on and go out and help Anthony to see from which quarter the wind blows, and whether against the wind mischief comes."

Then he also went forth.

Urith at once set herself to prepare the food for breakfast; her heart was heavy at the thought of losing Anthony again as soon as she had recovered him, when all the love of their first passion had rebloomed with, if not greater beauty, yet with more vigour.

When Anthony re-entered the hut, he was alone, very pale, and graver than before; Urith saw him as he passed the ray of light that entered from one of the loop-holes, and she judged at once that some graver tidings had been given him than Uncle Sol had cared to communicate in her presence.

She uttered a half-stifled cry of fear, and started to her feet.

"O Anthony! What is it? Are the soldiers drawing near?"

"No, my darling, no one is in sight."

"But what is it then? Must I lose you? Must you go from hence?"

She threw herself on his breast and clung to him.

"Yes, Urith, I must go. You must be prepared to lose me."

"But I shall see you again—soon?"

"We shall certainly meet again."

She understood that he was no longer safe there, that he must fly further, and that she could not accompany him on his flight; but her heart could not reconcile itself to this conviction.

He spoke to her with great affection, he stroked her head, and kissed her, and bade her take courage and gather strength to endure what must be borne.

"But, Tony!—for how long?"

"I cannot say."

"And must you cross the seas?"

He hesitated before he answered. "I must go to a strange land," he replied, in a low tone, and bowed his head over hers. She felt that his hand that held her head was trembling. She knew it was not from fear, but from the agony of parting with her. She strove to master her despair when she saw what it cost him to say "Farewell" to her. If she might not share his fate, she could save it from being made more heavy and bitter by her tears and lamentations.

"Tony," she said, "you gave me that other half-token, take it again; hang it about your neck as a remembrance of me, and I will wear the other half—wherever we may be, you or I, it is to each only a half, a broken life, an imperfect life, and life can never be full and complete to either again till we meet."

"No," he said, and took the token, "no, only a half life till we meet."

He hung the ribbon round his neck, and placed the half token in his breast. Then he said:—

"I must go at once, Urith. Come with me a part of the way. Uncle Sol will take you from me."

They left the hut together. Urith pointed to the food, but Anthony's appetite was gone. He drew her to his side, and so, silently, folded together with interlaced arms, they walked over the dewy short grass without speaking. After a while they reached a point where Solomon Gibbs was awaiting them, a point at which their several ways parted.

There Anthony stayed his feet. Overcome by her grief Urith again cast herself into his arms. He put his hands to her head and thrust it back, that he might look into her eyes.

"Urith!" he said.

"Yes, Anthony!" She raised her eyes to his.

He was pale as death.

"Urith, your forgiveness for all the sorrow I have caused you."

"O, Anthony!" she clung to him, quivering with emotion. "It is I—I—who must—"

"We have been neither of us free from blame. One kiss—a last—in token of perfect reconciliation."

A kiss that was long—which neither liked to conclude—but Anthony at length drew his lips away.

"We shall meet again," he said, "and then to part no more."



## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## ON THE WAY TO DEATH

ANTHONY had seen Urith for the last time. They would meet again only in Eternity. Though the moor was wide before him, and he was free to escape over it, yet he might not fly. Captain Fogg had taken his father prisoner, had conveyed him to Lydford Castle, which he had made his headquarters, and had given out that, unless Anthony Cleverdon the younger, the rebel, who had commanded the insurgent company from the neighbourhood of Tavistock, surrendered himself within twenty-four hours, he would hang the old man from the topmost window of the Castle keep.

This was the tidings that Mr. Solomon Gibbs had brought to Anthony. Mr. Gibbs made no comment on it, he left Anthony to act on what he heard unpersuaded by him, to sacrifice himself for his father, or else to let the old man suffer in his stead.

There could be little doubt that Squire Cleverdon had done his utmost to forfeit the love of his children.

All the unhappiness that had fallen on Anthony, Urith, and Bessie was due in chief measure to his pride and hardness of heart; nevertheless, the one great fact remained that he was the father of Anthony, and this fact constituted an ineradicable right over the son to do his utmost to save the life of his father.

Moreover, the old man was guiltless of rebellion. Anthony's life was forfeit, because he had borne arms against his rightful Sovereign, and his father had not compromised his loyalty in any way. Anthony had never as a boy endured that a comrade should be punished for his faults, and could he now suffer his father to be put to death for the rebellious conduct of the son?

Not for one moment did Anthony hesitate as to his duty. But a struggle he did undergo. He thought of Urith. He had sinned against her, led astray by his vanity and love of flattery; and, after having suffered, he had worked his way to a right mind. And at the very moment of reunion, when his love and exultation over his recovered wife shot up like a flame—at that very moment he must pronounce his own sentence of death; at the moment that he had felt that she forgave him, and that all was clear for beginning a new and joyous life together, he must be torn from her, and exchange the pure and beautiful happiness just dawning on him for a disgraceful death, and the grave.

He knew that Urith's grief over his death would be intense, and, maybe, bring her down almost into the dust; but he knew, also, that the day would come when she would acknowledge that he had acted rightly, and then she would be proud of his memory. On the other hand, were he to allow his father to die in his room, he would remain for ever dishonoured in his own sight, disgraced before the world, and would lose the respect of his wife, and with loss of respect her love for him would also go.

The worst was over: he had bidden her farewell without betraying to her that the farewell was for ever. He took his way to Lydford, there to hand himself over to the Royal officers.

He had not left the moor, but was on the highway that crosses an outlying spur of it, when he suddenly encountered Julian Crymes.

Julian had heard of the return of Anthony before Captain Fogg and his soldiers arrived. She heard he was at Willsworthy, but he had not been to see her; and yet he had an excellent excuse for so doing—he must be able to tell her about her father. She had waited impatiently, hourly expecting him, and he had not come. She did not like to leave the house for a minute, lest he should come whilst she was away. Every step on the gravel called her to the window, every strange voice in the house caused her heart to bound. Why did not he come?

She went to the window of her little parlour and looked forth; and as she looked her hot, quick breath played over the glass, and in so doing brought out the interwoven initials "A" and "U." They had long ago faded, and yet under the breath they reappeared.

When she had heard a rumour of his return, the life blood had gushed scalding through her veins, her eye had flashed, and her cheek flamed with expectation. Her father was dead, but the sorrow she felt for his loss was swallowed up in the joy that Anthony was home and in safety. Now all was right again, and in glowing colours she imagined to herself their meeting. She could hardly contain the exultation within; yet her reason told her that he could be no nearer to her than he was, he was still bound to Urith. The reproaches of Bess had stung her, but the sting was no longer felt when she heard that he was back.

But as she breathed on the window-pane, and first the interwoven initials "A" and "U" reappeared, and then the smirch where he had passed his hand over her own initials linked to his, it sent a curdle through her arteries. He came not near her. He loved her no more—he had forgotten her. Little by little the suspicion entered, and made itself felt, that he did not love her. It became a conviction, forming as an iron band about her heart, rivetted with every hour, firmer, contracting, becoming colder. She was too haughty to betray her feelings, and she had not suffered a question relative to Anthony to pass over her lips.

Then she heard that Captain Fogg had arrived, and was searching the neighbourhood for Anthony, and was arresting every returned insurgent. The Captain visited Kilworthy, and explored the house for treasonable correspondence, but found none.

The anxiety and alarm of Julian for the safety of Anthony became overmastering. She could no longer endure imprisonment in her own house. Moreover, there was now no need for her to remain there. Anthony was in hiding somewhere, or he was taken—she knew not which—and could not come to her.

She had not slept all night, and when morning dawned she rode forth, unattended, to obtain some tidings about him. She would not go to Willsworthy. She could not face Urith, but she would hover about between Willsworthy and Hall, and wait till she could hear some news concerning him.

In this restless, anxious condition of mind, Julian Crymes was traversing the down when she lit on Anthony himself.

She greeted him with an exclamation of joy, rode up to him, sprang from her horse, and said, "But surely, Tony! this is reckless work coming on to the highway when they seek thy life."

"They will not have long to seek," said he.

"What do you mean?"

He made no answer, and strode forward to pass her, and continue his course to Lydford.

"Anthony!" exclaimed Julian, "you shall not meet and leave me thus. I have not seen you since your return."

"I cannot stay now."

"But you shall!" She threw herself in his road, holding the reins of her horse with one hand, and extending her whip in the other, "Anthony! what is the meaning of this?"

"I must pass," said he, stepping aside to circumvent her.

"Anthony!" she cried—there was pain and despair in her tone—"where are you going? and why will you not speak to me?"

He stood still for a moment, and looked steadily at her; then she saw how pale he was.

"Julian," he said, quietly, "you have acted towards me in a heartless—"

"Heartless, Tony!"

"In an utterly cruel manner, and have brought me to this. It was you who sowed the seeds of strife between Urith and me; you who drove her off her mind; you who forced me to leave home and go to the standard of the Protestant Duke; and it is you now who bring me to the gallows."

"The gallows!"

"The captain at the head of the troopers has taken my father, and threatens to hang him within a day unless I surrender to the same fate."

"But, Anthony!" She could hardly speak, she was trembling, and her colour flying about her face like storm-driven cloudlets lit by a setting sun, red and threatening. "Anthony!—not to—death!"

"To death, Julian!" She uttered a cry, let go the bridle, dropped her whip, and ran to him with extended arms. "Anthony!—O Anthony!"

He put forth his hand and held her from him. No; on his breast where his Urith had just lain, that should never be touched by another—not by such another as Julian Crymes.

"Stand back," he said, sternly. "Anthony! say you love me! You know you have—have always loved me."

"I never loved you, Julian. No—never."

She shook herself free, drew back, pressed her clenched fists against her bosom. "You dare to tell me that—you!"

"I never loved you," he said.

Her face became white as that of a corpse. She drew on one side and said, "Go—and may you be hanged! I hate you. I would I were by to see you die."

(To be concluded in our next)

## EXPLORATION AND TRAVEL IN ALASKA

FEW Englishmen during the decade which is expiring have travelled more widely, or in more out-of-the-way places, than Mr. Heywood Seton-Karr, who has furnished us with the photographs and sketches of Alaska. In Mr. Seton-Karr's "Ten Years' Wild Sports in Foreign Lands,"\* which we recently had the pleasure of reviewing in these columns, we are told how the Americans have stolen Mount St. Elias (20,000 feet), the highest mountain on the continent of North America, as he recently stated before the Royal Geographical Society (Proceedings, July, 1889).

We all know that our cousins are partial to the "biggest things on earth," and their surveyors have gradually altered the latitude so as to bring it on their side of the boundary line. Mount St. Elias is literally the biggest thing in North America—here is Mr. Seton-Karr's description of it:—"At a distance of sixty miles rose the great snow-covered, dome-like pinnacle, over whose praises the early navigators had grown so enthusiastic, rising above a coast upon which none but an Indian had ever set his foot—a vast mass 20,000 feet high, festooned with ice, a frightful pyramid, the like of which exists not elsewhere on the globe, to whose top no living man shall ever climb." Nor did Mr. Seton-Karr make this statement without reason, for, with Lieut. Schwatka (of Arctic fame), he made a determined attempt to climb it, which resulted in Mr. Seton-Karr's reaching a height of 7,200 feet on one of the outlying spurs, while last year a bold attempt was made by four members of the Alpine Club to reach the summit, though they only attained to 11,461 feet. The glaciers in the neighbourhood are the largest in the world (the Arctic regions of course excepted).

One of the main features of the mountain is that, owing to its position on the seacoast, its whole height, from the Pacific Ocean to its summit, is presented to the eye. The range ranks as the third highest in the world, and contains many other peaks which will probably prove to be equally high. Further south are other mountains more easily accessible, which have never been attempted, such as Mount Fairweather (15,500 feet) and Mount Crillon (15,900 feet).

In the sketches, No. 1 is a view taken from the sea of one of the largest glaciers on the coast, reaching the Pacific near Cape Suckling, named by Mr. Seton-Karr after Behring, the explorer; others were named after Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Agassiz, Guyot, and Castani, who are, we hope, grateful for the honour; while it is certainly to the credit of Mr. Seton-Karr and Lieutenant Schwatka that they named nothing after themselves.

The United States gunboat returned to fetch the explorers from Yakutat; but Mr. Seton-Karr elected to proceed northwards. After struggles with the Indians, the bears, the ice, and the surf, we find the party camped (No. 19 of the sketches) upon an island in the Copper River. Being now in about the centre of the estuary, the narrow valley could be seen from which the Copper River issues, until the view was barred by a blue snowy range fifty miles distant. On all sides fan-shaped glaciers opened out upon the lagoons of the river.

From this point northwards salmon are very numerous, the water being literally alive with them, and even the smallest brooks and streamlets crammed with great fish, with their bodies half out of their native element owing to the shallowness. The largest kind is called by the Indians *chavicha*, and "king-salmon" by the traders in Cook's Inlet. It "runs" or enters the rivers from the sea from May 20th until August, being most plentiful in June. In Cook's Inlet its proportion at this time to the other salmon is as one to three; the greatest length it reaches is generally six feet, and it frequently weighs one hundred pounds. Here, in 1880, 15,000 were canned and salted. Then there are the "red" and "silver" varieties of salmon, but the other sorts, known as "steel-head," "hogback," and "dog" salmon, are not so valuable for edible purposes.

In Mr. Seton-Karr's photograph, taken on Baranoff Island, the kind shown are the "red" salmon before they have commenced to run (as they were netted in the open sea). In another photograph, the fish shown drying on poles are "dog" salmon, netted in Taku Inlet by the Indians, that being the only kind in the rivers there at the time. It was found that the salmon in Alaska would take a bait in salt water, but not after it had entered the rivers.

In Prince William Sound Mr. Seton-Karr was forced to wait seven weeks for the last schooner of the season; missing it would have involved the penalty of remaining there for six months. There is an excellent harbour here, but there are no ships to use it, nor (with one exception besides the occasional visit of the Alaska Commercial Company's schooners) have there been any since Captain Cook discovered this great Sound.

The view of Nuchuk (No. 14) shows the traders' house and store, and close by lies the harbour before alluded to. Near the entrance is a mountain shaped like an extinct volcano, which is shown among Mr. Seton-Karr's sketches.

The only place where fur-seals are killed are the small islands of the Prybilof group, to which they resort in May for breeding purposes. It is from these islands almost exclusively that the supply of sealskins comes. The hair-seal and sea-lion skins are used for making the canoes (which Mr. Seton-Karr habitually used while in Prince William Sound).

Sea-otters, however, are the chief object of pursuit all along the Alaskan coast. Their skins have varied in value from ten dollars in the time of the Russians (who sold Alaska) up to two hundred dollars paid on the spot to the Indian hunters. They are usually killed with bows and arrows of very ingenious construction. This animal, however—which is in no way allied to the otter species, and feeds upon the octopus and sea-urchin—is gradually becoming scarcer. Foxes—black, silver, red, or white, in colour—are not confined to any particular district, but are trapped everywhere in

\* "Ten Years' Wild Sports in Foreign Lands," by H. W. Seton-Karr. F.R.G.S., &c. London: Chapman and Hall. Demy 8vo, 9s.

small numbers. A trader will pay as much as fifty dollars—twelve pounds—for a good specimen. The white, or blue, Arctic fox is more plentiful in the far north, but the red fox is common everywhere.

Mr. Seton-Karr says the brown bear is the great road-maker of Alaska, and that round Mount St. Elias the constant sense of his presence was oppressive. Mr. Karr was always expecting to meet him, as the party was generally obliged to keep to the "paths." When he was sighted he was generally "making tracks" like a locomotive as if he couldn't get away fast enough. At the mouths of rivers on the Alaskan peninsula during the run of the salmon, as many as twenty bears are frequently to be seen at the same time. They are, however, rarely hunted. The Indians assert that bears swarm at Lake Nushegak, while Mr. Seton-Karr includes the islands of Unimak and Kodiak. Cook's Inlet abounds with bear of the largest size. The black bear is confined to the timber on the mainland.

Along the Alaskan peninsula reindeer were observed generally following certain well-beaten tracks. The lynx is found in the Kenai peninsula and St. Elias Alps. Wild sheep are numerous in Cook's Inlet, and wild goat in Prince William Sound. The other animals usually hunted or trapped by the Indians are the sable, mink, land-otter, and wolf.

On the west shore of Cook's Inlet is the trading port of Tyonik. The mountains are wooded to a height of 1,000 feet. On the south lies Burnt Mountain Volcano, and next it Kiamma Volcano (12,060 feet). Vancouver, the navigator, says with regard to it, "In the middle appeared the volcano, near the summit of which, from two distinct craters on its south-eastern side, were emitted large volumes of whitish smoke." Opposite lies the remarkable double island of Augustin, in active eruption and split completely into two. At the entrance to the inlet the tides run with great violence. The Alaskan trading schooners usually leave San Francisco early in March.

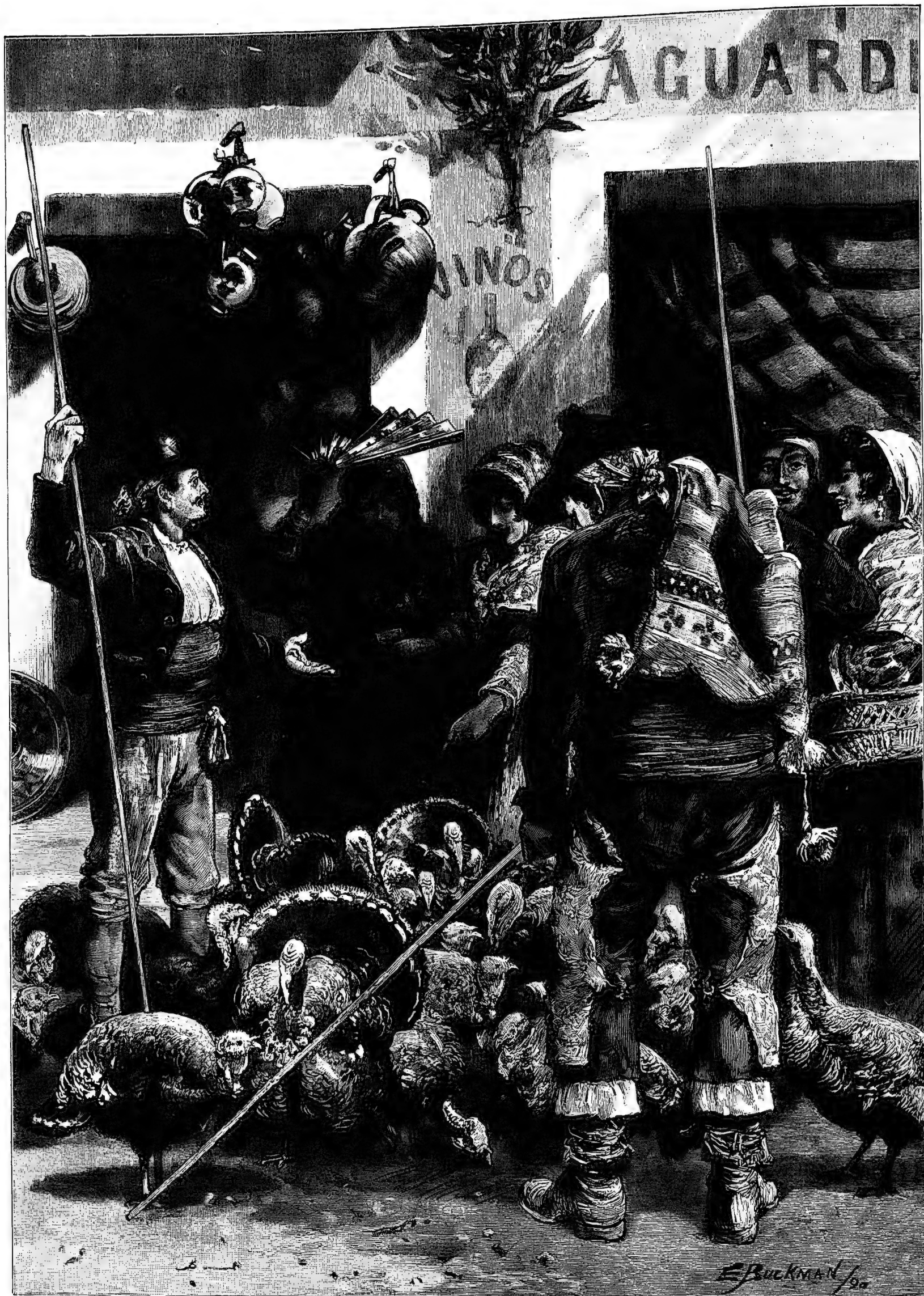


THE LONDON PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Each succeeding year seems to develop a more genuine appreciation of Christmas Carol singing in the home circle; they are sung in the drawing-room, and re-echoed in the nursery and in the kitchen. The taste for part-singing is universal in England, as it has ever been in Germany. "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," words and music edited by W. J. Westbrook, Mus. Doc., has just now made its appearance in album form, artistically illustrated. In the two books are upwards of thirty, for the most part old friends and acquaintances, which remind us of bygone times and pleasant associations. Here we meet again the quaint old carols, "As Joseph Was a Walking," "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In," "The First Nowell," "The Boar's Head Carol," and "The Seven Joys of Mary." There are many other less familiar carols and several familiar hymns. Not the least interesting parts of these albums are the prefaces, in which are collected some amusing anecdotes, including the origin of the Procession of the Boar's Head at the Inner Temple, when upon Christmas Day, after Service, the gentlemen repaired to their hall, and breakfasted off brawn, mustard, and malmsey. Then at dinner time came with the first course the boar's head upon a silver dish, with due music of voices and instruments. We must refer our readers to the books for many interesting particulars as to carol-singing, the commencement of which cannot be traced with certainty.—"The Victor's March," arranged on Odoardi Barri's song, "The Victor's Return," by Theo. Bonheur, is very well done; we prefer it to the song itself.—"Matin Chimes," a collection of easy voluntaries for the organ, harmonium, and American organ, by Sinclair Dunn, are fairly good in their way, but surely "The Floweret" and "The Wee Gavotte" would be more suitable for an instruction book than for an organ voluntary.—Two pretty figures in pink and blue frontispiece "My Love's Love Waltz," arranged by Theo. Bonheur upon Churchill Sibley's popular song which bears that title.—"Dance Album," No. 2, from this firm is tastefully got up, and contains a good selection of favourite dance music by popular composers, including "Love Dreams Waltz," Charles Godfrey, "Black Diamond Polka," Charles Marriott, "Tuppings and Co. Lancers," Warwick Williams, and "Love Whispers Polka," Charles Sachs.

B. WILLIAMS.—"Song of the Syrens," a vocal duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano, written and composed by G. Hubi Newcombe, is of a simple but not weak type, which is in great request for young singers not yet quite emancipated from the discipline and propriety of the school-room.—A bright and tuneful love ditty which will suit a tenor is "At Gay Seville," words from the Spanish, by Dora Gillespie, music by Suchet Champion.—The pathetic words of "Waiting Time," by Ellis Walton, will bring tears to many eyes; the music to which they are wedded by Frederic Mullen is well chosen.—By the above-named composer is a dramatic song "The Monarch of the Storm," words by Clifton Bingham.—Two songs written and composed by Michael Watson, whose vacant place as a charming song-poet and composer has not yet been filled, are "Over the Deep Blue Sea," a love-tale of the ocean with a happy ending; and "An Anchor Watch Yarn," an episode in the life of a sailor-boy of a cheery character; this song will be a first favourite on board of a man-o'-war.—Odoardi Barri has composed the pleasing music for two songs replete with pathos, "The Ensign," a touching tragedy of the battle-field, written by Frank W. Pratt; and "The Helper," a very effective song, words by Clifton Bingham, with violin, cello, and chorus accompaniment at 11.—"Our Bo'sun" is a startling yarn of the sea, words by Felix Gerard, music by Frederic Mullen.—Two pretty love-songs for the drawing-room are "Star of My Life," a serene and composed by G. W. Southey and Leonard Gautier, and "Parted," words by Lord Byron, music by Frederick W. Senior.—A group of pretty pieces for everyday use, where classical music is not appreciated, are "Minuet" ("Midnight"), a rêverie for the violin et piano, by P. E. Gohr; "Valse Caprice," for the piano, by Val. Marriott; "Rosslyn," a Scottish lay, by W. Smallwood; "Poésie de Printemps" ("Impromptu en la Mineur"), by Herbert Bedford; "Danse Excentrique," for the piano, by Albert Fox; and "Marche Excentrique," by Frederic Mullen, who has also composed "Love Tryst Valse," a dance-inspiring specimen of its school.

MESSRS. WREKES AND CO.—"Village Life," a rustic idyll written by P. W. Darnton, B.A., set to music as a pastoral cantata for soli, chorus, and pianoforte, by Charles Darnton, is exactly the thing for performance at a Christmas house-party in town or country. Five soloists only are required, with a chorus *ad libitum* as to numerical force. Both words and music are light and pleasing. The idyll commences with a chorus, "Sunrise," followed by a very pretty soprano solo; "Early Morning," and so we are taken on through all the phases of village life, including love-making, harvesting, a wedding, finishing up with a dance and chorus. We conclude that this idyll was only written for descriptive singing, as the singers have no names, but they could duly be christened and a dainty little play produced.





BUYING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEYS IN THE MARKET AT MALAGA, SPAIN



## MAGAZINES

## II.

CHRISTMAS has got into the magazines as well as into the papers, and several of the monthlies publish extra numbers in addition to their ordinary issue. The *Belgravia Annual* is a very old favourite, and its short stories are this year as good as ever.—The Christmas number of *London Society* is also a well-established institution, and Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Mrs. Hungerford, Stewart Dawson, and others contribute stories that will be found pleasant reading on a railway journey.—The sedate *Gentleman's Magazine* gives a complete novel by T. W. Speight, called "Hoodwinked," as its annual. The story is an old-fashioned melodramatic one, with a likeness to "Henry Dunbar," but without the tragedy.—The *English Illustrated Magazine* has a capital double number, full of interesting papers and clever drawings. "The Ancestral Home of the Washingtons," "Inns and Taverns of Old London," and "Nooks and Corners in Westminster Abbey" are well written and delightfully illustrated.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a fine etching of Mr. F. Hall's "Adversity," and an article on "The Nativity in Art," with reproductions from the works of the old masters, is published at a very reasonable time.—The *Magazine of Art* is a good number. An etching by Mr. H. Macbeth-Raeburn of Sir J. D. Linton's "Waiting" occupies the place of honour, and among the articles that should be read are "Fernand Khnopff," with specimens of his work; "The Walls of Stamboul," with seven illustrations, by Tristram Ellis; and "Embroidered Book Covers," by Miss S. T. Prideaux. The shadow of the Christmas number is upon the magazines, but, in spite of that, both the *Art* monthlies have done well.

Among the lighter magazines there is a mighty winding-up of novels, and of promises for the new year. In *Temple Bar*, "Alas," and the "Letters of a Worldly Woman" are finished, and in *London Society* two of the current novels are brought to a conclusion, with promises of new serials by Mrs. Oliphant and Curtis Yorke. *Belgravia* also concludes its two novels by Mrs. Hungerford and Mrs. Lovett Cameron, and *Murray, Longman*, and the *Argosy* all wind up the stories that have been running through them during the past few months. "Eight Days," the story of the Indian Mutiny, still continues in the *Cornhill*, but a new novel by A. Conan Doyle will commence in the January number. Some of the articles are interesting. The Coup de Jarnac was described in one of the magazines a short time ago, and, curiously enough, two other monthlies have now got papers on the subject. In *Cornhill* there is a pleasant account of the "Duello in France," which gives a short history of the celebrated combat, but in *Murray's* the story of the duel between De la Châtaigneraie and De Jarnac is better told and in greater detail. A review of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," in *Murray's*, is also worth reading.—Other reviews are "The Journals of Sir Walter Scott" and "Stafford Northcote" in *Temple Bar*, a magazine which has a literary character to keep up.—"Spiders" hardly seem an attractive subject, but Mr. Arthur Somers in *Longman's* has contrived to write a most interesting article upon them.—"The Ghost of Clare Manor," in the *Argosy*, is what Lewis Carroll would call a "a portmanteau paper," for it contains a graceful description of old Guildford and the new Charterhouse, as an introduction to one of the shortest ghost stories on record. The illustrations of the old Surrey town are charming.—*Murray's* is full of articles that should be noticed. In "The Truth About Greece," Professor A. N. Jannaris discourses on the fall of M. Tricoupis, evidently feeling rather injured that English people should have been so interfering as to comment on the vagaries of the Greek electors. "The Streets of London" and "The Calpe Hunt" are good papers; and "The French Schoolboy," by Madame de Bury, should by no means be missed. It deals with the movement going on among the generation that has arisen since the Franco-Prussian War for the reformation of French schools and for the abolition of that absurd system which, while it developed the brain, left it unsupported by any physical or moral strength. The head of the movement is M. Pierre de Coubertin, and it is of his efforts to introduce the English public school system into France, so far as is consistent with national characteristics, that Madame de Bury writes so kindly and so forcibly.—"A Whiff of Tobacco" and "George Eliot and Her Neighbourhood," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, are both very interesting papers; and in the *United Service Magazine* "The Loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*," by Sir George Elliot, contains some remarks which will command the attention of the public. "Red Tape in the Army" gives instances of how officers are bound and tied by petty regulations to such a degree that they lose all power of initiative, and become unequal to sudden emergencies. The series of articles on "National Insurance" is wound up by Sir George Tryon, and other useful articles are "The Canadian Pacific Railway" and "The Education of Infantry Militia Officers."

The *Naval and Military Magazine* is more than usually full of important articles this month. Dr. Maguire continues his history of the American Civil War, and Captain W. Cyprian Bridge publishes the second part of his very interesting "Six Months With a Russian Family." "A Naval Episode," "Passing the Russian Lines," and "A Cruise in a Copper Punt," are the papers which occupy the place of fiction in this magazine, and "Smokeless Powders," and "Naval Warfare," the eighteenth part of which is now published, are very valuable articles. The frontispiece is a photograph of a drawing of the "Russian Horse Grenadiers of the Guard," and the number is well illustrated throughout.

Among the short stories of the month, two of the best are, "The Petrel and the Slave," an amusing incident of the slave trade, in *Cornhill*, and "A Mean Advantage" in *Tinsley*. The other short stories have nearly all gone into the Christmas Numbers.

The American magazines are, if possible, more fully illustrated than usual. *Harper* has a delightful study of *As You Like It*, by Andrew Lang and E. A. Abbey, and "The Winter of Our Continent," in which Mr. C. D. Warner describes Southern California as Paradise upon earth.—*Scribner* has "Japonica," by Sir Edwin Arnold, beautifully illustrated with Japanese views and sketches by Robert Blum, and "Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick," an article which shows how keenly the Americans appreciate the historical antiquities of the Old Country.—*The Century* is greatly occupied with California in the old days before the discovery of gold, and in doing good work by rescuing with pen and pencil the history and traditions of a time now almost forgotten in the new life of the Western Shore. The "Borderland of China" is also a valuable and well-illustrated paper.—*Lippincott's* story this month is "An Army Portia," which is interesting as giving a glimpse of a side of American life hardly thought of in England—life in the United States Army. A novel by Rudyard Kipling, is promised for next month.—The *Atlantic Monthly* is serious as usual, except where

it pokes fun at its readers by stating that the United States' contention in respect of Behring Sea is reasonable and just, in what is otherwise a very sensible article.

The first numbers of two new magazines have appeared, both of them devoted to ladies. *Beauty and Fashion* deals with those topics that are of eternal interest to women, and the *Period* aims at being a Society paper, having a semi-commercial and trade tone—a rather contradictory sort of programme. The *Jenness Miller Magazine* seems to exist for the promulgation of Mrs. Miller's theories of women's dress, but it also contains some well-written articles and good illustrations.

## THE LAST WORK OF SIR EDGAR BOEHM

THIS statue was to have been unveiled by Her Majesty on Monday last, but, owing to the sudden death of the sculptor, the ceremony was postponed. The site selected by Her Majesty is in the south-east transept, near the Lincoln Chapel, and just underneath the memorial window to Canon Hugh Pearson. The statue represents the late Emperor in uniform, wearing the robes and insignia of the Garter, with his hands folded upon the hilt of a sheathed sword—his love of peace and prowess in war being thus happily exemplified—and is an admirable work of Art.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A WRITER in a German technical journal points out that Portland and other cements if rich in magnesia have a tendency to expand slowly after the mortar or concrete of which they form a part has set. The subject is of great importance to builders and others, who might be put to great expense and inconvenience by



STATUE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

seeing work, which they looked upon as finished, suffer damage from this hidden cause. A similar effect is produced sometimes when small pieces of lime, which have escaped the slaking operation, are contained in plaster which has been used for treating walls. Where such pieces occur gradual expansion is sure to follow, with the result that the wall is covered with unsightly lumps.

The patent has recently been published of an improved process for galvanising metal strips, ribbons, wire, &c., which has been invented by Mr. N. Vibart. The metal strips are carried by means of rollers through successive baths of potash, dilute acid, molten zinc, and water, and between each bath through cushions, or bolsters, of linen or asbestos, which clean the metal from the effects of one bath before it passes into the next. The process is said to be so thorough that the galvanised metal can afterwards be corrugated, formed into pipes, or bent about in any other way without its coating of zinc being injured or stripped from the original metal.

The Conservator of the Naples Zoological Station published a short time ago a description of the methods employed there for the preservation of marine organisms, which cannot fail to be useful to the authorities of similar establishments in this and other countries. It is time that attention was drawn to the importance of this subject, for students have often been placed at a great disadvantage from having to deal with specimens which, on account of ignorant methods of preparation, have become shrivelled, and give no really serviceable idea of the original form of the creature represented. In most cases it was considered sufficient if the preparation were placed in a bottle of spirit and left to take care of itself, no other treatment being considered necessary. In the paper alluded to, it is shown that, although alcohol is indispensable as a preservative fluid, certain precautions must be adopted in its use. Contraction and fragility will surely follow its employment in the case of many specimens unless it is diluted with distilled water.

Very delicate organisms, too, will require that the fluid should at first be very weak and gradually strengthened. A hardening agent is also necessary in many cases before the specimen can be trusted in the spirit, and these consist of chromic acid, acetic acid, corrosive sublimate, &c., each of which acts in a particular way on the specimen presented to it. It is curious to read that in the case of marine animals some difficulty is experienced in killing them without producing a considerable amount of contraction, while, in the case of some species of worms, they coil up or become twisted. These difficulties do not occur if the creatures be narcotised before they are killed, and for this purpose sea-water containing five per cent. of alcohol is found to be effective in most cases; or the alcohol at seventy per cent. strength is poured in a layer on the surface of the water, and gradually becomes diffused throughout the containing vessel, slowly narcotising any creature therein. Chloral hydrate, too, is as effective in bringing about the same result as it is in the human subject, the patient being restored, if necessity should arise, by being afterwards immersed in fresh sea-water. For some sea anemones, we read, tobacco smoke is the seductive agent which best lulls them into the narcotised state, and the smoke is supplied to them by filling a bell-jar which covers the vessel of sea-water in which they are placed.

What seems to be a fresh proof of the fact that man existed in America contemporaneously with the mammoth was lately brought by Professor Putman before the notice of the Boston Society of Natural History. This was in the form of a rude drawing of the extinct animal scratched upon a portion of a shell which was found under peat in Clairmont County, Delaware. Stone implements, charcoal, and bones were found around the place where the shell was discovered.

Much attention of late years has been directed to the question of colour-blindness, and more especially as regards its occurrence among railway servants and sailors. It has more than once been pointed out that the tests at present in vogue to detect this peculiar condition of the eyesight are far from satisfactory. If a man be asked, for instance, to pick out from a number of skeins of worsted some of particular colour—and should fail to do so—the error is not of necessity due to defective appreciation of colour, but to ignorance of colour nomenclature. This evil has at last been recognised, and a committee of competent men has been deputed to examine into and report upon the subject. In a report on colour tests for seamen, which was lately issued by the Board of Trade, it was pointed out that there were two kinds of examinations, one being voluntary, and the other compulsory—the latter being applied in cases of candidates for masters' and mates' certificates. During last year 839 seamen went through the voluntary examination, of whom 29 were rejected; and 4,662 through the compulsory examination, 23 only being rejected.

A signalling apparatus for preventing collision at sea has been patented by J. A. C. Ruthven, and may be thus described. The mast of a vessel being furnished with the usual head-light, is provided just below that light with a kind of sleeve, or casing, containing a similar light, over which is caused to slide a screen having differently coloured glasses—red and green—so that a light of either colour can be exhibited. This screen is actuated by cords which are in communication with the steering-chains of the vessel, so that as the rudder is moved to port or starboard the colour of the light is changed, and it can be seen by any approaching ship which way its course is laid. The idea is not new—a somewhat similar plan having been figured and described in these columns some years back.

A clever method of suspending and operating a fire-proof curtain has been for some time in use at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, and is the invention of Mr. F. W. Stead of that town. The curtain is in two halves, and, when open, one half is hung below the proscenium-opening and the other half above, so that when closed they both meet in the centre. Both halves are hung on the same steel ropes, and the weight of the higher one is sufficient to counter-balance and raise up the lower one. Normally, however, they are kept in their places above and below the stage by a very simple device. The lower half curtain has attached to its under edge a long tank or trough of water, which on an alarm of fire can be immediately emptied, a process which is followed by the raising of that portion of the curtain to meet its upper half in the proscenium opening. This arrangement has simplicity to recommend it, for no expensive gearing or counter-weights are necessary.

Torquay is able to boast that she has been favoured during the past year with more sunshine and with fewer sunless days than any station reporting to the Royal Meteorological Society, the records having been made with Jordan's photographic instrument. The total hours of sunshine were 1,608, and the number of sunless days 54. Eastbourne stands next with 1,526 sunlit hours, and 77 days when no sun was seen. Greenwich naturally comes last on the list, for it is near enough to the metropolis for London smoke to make its presence felt. The records for this last place of observation give 1,156 as the total hours of sunshine, and 105 as the number of days on which its light was obscured.

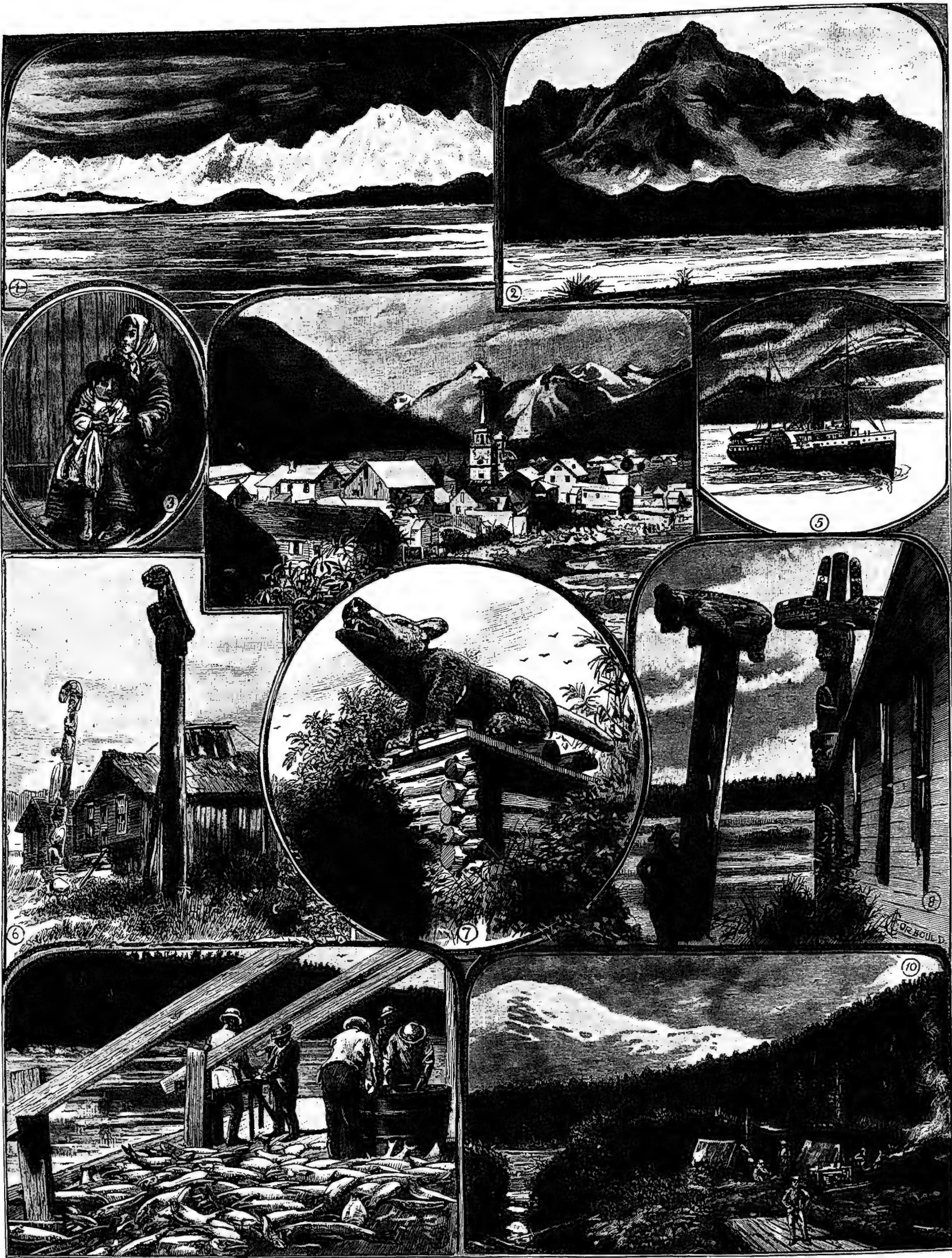
T. C. H.

DIARIES invariably suggest the name "Letts," which, by the way, is nowadays sometimes spelled Charles Letts, and sometimes Cassell and Co. From Charles Letts, Royal Exchange, comes a most useful set of office and scribbling diaries, finger and waistcoat pocket diaries, that would almost tempt any man into the indiscretion so beloved of the biographers of their deceased friends. From the same firm comes the "Ladies' Annual," with a House-keeping Account at the end of each week, and a Laundry Book, and a Household Account Book. But the wives are not allowed to have all the useful volumes, for a Cellar Book is provided for husbands, showing full particulars of each bin, and the dates at which bottles have been removed. A handy book for those who possess the "liquor habit."—Messrs. Cassell publish the familiar "No. 13," the favourite diary of people who content themselves with recording plain facts, and also the "Hannington" Diary, a neat case, which contains each month separately in pamphlet form.—John Walker's Back-Loop Pocket Diaries are, as ever, the most convenient and ingenious of their kind.

DE LA RUE is another famous name in the world of diaries. From this firm comes a number of dainty little volumes bound in morocco, velvet, and artistic paper covers, fitted for ladies' purses, or the more prosaic waistcoat-pocket. The little books are beautifully bound, and printed in Messrs. De La Rue's well-known finished style. They will make charming presents. The firm also publishes a Desk Diary, and two very pretty Engagement Diaries for standing on a writing-table, as well as a Perpetual Calendar for hanging upon a wall. All these diaries and calendars are most admirably and artistically finished.



THE GRAPHIC



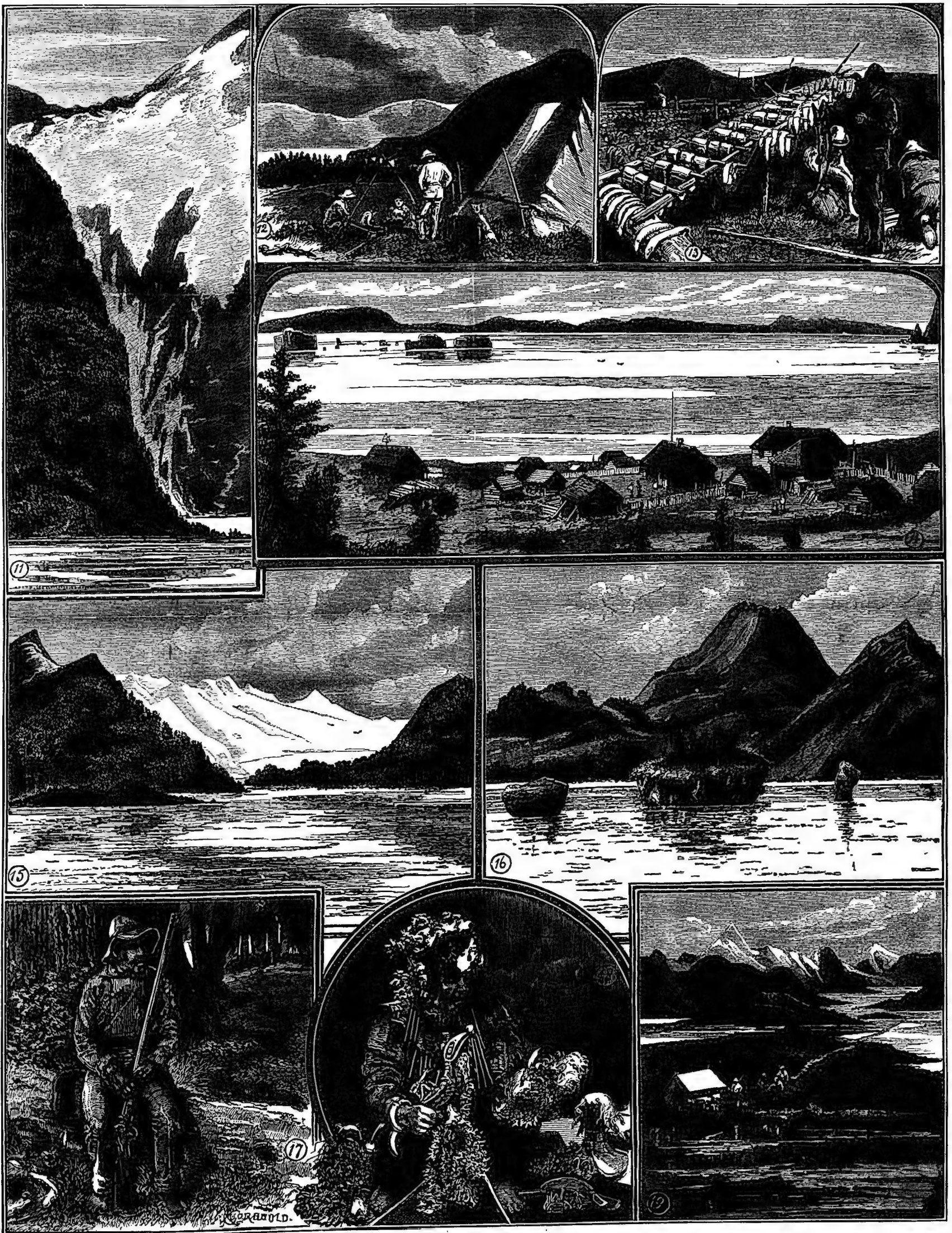
1. The Great Bering Glacier (20,000 feet high)  
2. Mount St. Elias  
3. Wife and Child of Indian Chief  
4. Sitka

5. United States Passenger Steamer  
6. Totem-Poles at Fort Simpson  
7. Indian's Grave at Fort Wrangel  
8. Totems at Fort Wrangel

9. An Afternoon's Catch of Salmon on Baranoff Island  
10. Our Camp at the Salmon Salting Establishment

A TOUR IN ALASKA





11. A Hanging Glacier  
 12. Camp of Big Brown Alaska Bear Hunter  
 13. Drying Dog Salmon

14. The Settlement at Prince William Sound  
 15. View in Prince William Sound  
 16. A Volcano  
 17. Indian Deer Hunter

18. Indian Medicine Man at Juneau Gold Mines  
 19. The Copper River—Peopled by Wildest Indians in Alaska

# A TOUR IN ALASKA



VII.

Girls' books are rarely so entertaining as the stories for boys, but Mrs. Parr's "Dumps and I" (Methuen) is one of the rare exceptions. The history of the deformed lad and the family feud is narrated by the heroine with unstudied *naïveté*, and is certain

Teufel the Terrier is dead, but his fame will live for ever. From the day when, immortalised by the brush of his master, Mr. J. Yates Carrington, he first appeared in public watching the float with strained attention, he has been the friend of thousands who knew neither his name nor his history. Year after year people used to look for the "fox-terrier with just a touch of the bull in him" on the walls of the Royal Academy, and how personal was the interest taken in the dog may be judged from the success of the little volume, "Teufel the Terrier," by J. Yates Carrington and "Charing Cross" (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office). Teufel soon became a perfect studio dog, and quite accustomed to sitting for his portrait. Mr. Carrington had two show days—Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday Teufel welcomed every one, and accompanied each visitor into the studio; but by Sunday he had become weary of the visitors, and would not welcome them, remaining curled up in his favourite corner of the settle, and refusing to get up even when patted by a friend. But, famous though he became, Teufel's life was a short one, even for a dog, since he was born in September, 1880, and died in September, 1889. He lies buried in the brightest spot in his master's garden, just outside the studio door, and over his grave is an easel supporting a canvas upon which he appears watching the float in the series known as "Sport by Proxy." This story of his life is illustrated by capital reproductions of the sketches and finished



From "Teufel the Terrier," by J. Yates Carrington

MARSHAL MACMAHON is just finishing his "Memoirs," which are expected to contain some piquant political revelations concerning his period of rule. In the preface he states—"I have served the Monarchy, the second Republic, the Empire, in fact many Governments, and I regretted all of them except my own." Speaking of French political autobiographies, Talleyrand's Memoirs, which have been so long expected, will disappoint the public, so thinks the Duc de Broglie, who is preparing them for publication. Instead of the anticipated racy personal anecdotes, the memoirs will be strictly political, one of the four volumes being devoted to Talleyrand's religious opinions.

MESSRS. RUDALL, CARTE, AND CO. issue a most useful Professional Pocket Book for Musicians, a week to an opening, with spaces for the engagements of every half-hour throughout the day. It will be a capital gift for an unpunctual professor—the punctual ones will buy it themselves.





"HUNTER AND HOUNDS"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., EXHIBITED AT THE EXHIBITION OF "SPORT ILLUSTRATED BY ART"





THE coming Christmas holidays and the severe wintry weather take the first place of interest in most foreign countries just now. FRANCE in particular felt the cold wave very severely. The Loire was frozen over at Nantes so thickly that people could walk across. Skating went on in the Calais docks, and the little steamers on the Seine at Paris ceased to run owing to the ice. Indeed the frost in Paris makes the water supply short. The Parisians, however, enjoyed the cold, for the Bois de Boulogne and other parks were crowded with skaters, while the clear frosty weather tempted people out to look at the shop-windows, gay with an attractive Christmas show. Politicians also wanted their holiday, so the Chambers accepted the Budget by a handsome majority of 309, and the Senate has been hurrying through the Estimates in order that Parliament may adjourn to-day (Saturday). The final debate in the Lower House not only secured the Cabinet's safety, but showed how many Conservatives are taking Cardinal Lavergne's advice to rally to the Republic. Even M. Paul de Cassagnac hints at abandoning opposition. The sensations of the week in Paris both relate to murders. First came the revelations by the ex-Boulangist, M. de Labruyère, of his share in the escape of Padlewski, General Seliverstov's assassin. M. de Labruyère asserts that he took Padlewski, disguised, out of Paris safely to Trieste, where he embarked for America, while Madame Duc Quercy, the wife of a Socialist, relates that she hid the assassin until his flight. Padlewski's Nihilist friends deny this account, but, nevertheless, the authorities have arrested the chief actors in the scene. Even more absorbing was the trial of Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard for the Gouffé murder, which began on Tuesday. The court was crammed with a most fashionable audience.

PORTUGAL is making extensive preparations for the defence of her Mozambique possessions in EAST AFRICA. A detachment of 800 troops, under Senhor Neves Ferreira, leaves Lisbon to-morrow (Sunday), together with a volunteer force of 300 for Lorenzo Marques, and as a military expedition, under Colonel Sarmiento, has gone up to the Manica district, the Portuguese intend distinctly to enforce their claims. So far, however, all is quiet at Manica, and the British South Africa Company state that they will oblige their agents to respect the *modus vivendi*, now that its full text has been revived. This arrangement recognises the frontiers fixed in the original Convention from November 14th, but, nevertheless, Portugal will not respect the Treaty between the chief Mutaca and the Chartered Company, on the plea that it dates from September 14th—a month before the Portuguese Parliament had pronounced on the Convention.

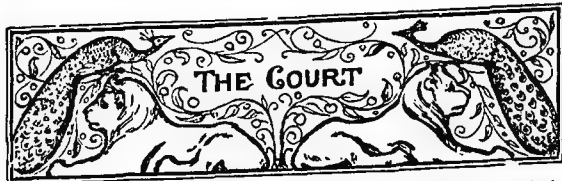
IN GERMANY the results of Dr. Koch's remedy are being considered now that the treatment has been in practice for a sufficient time. Professor Bergmann and others have ceased their public demonstrations, but hosts of patients are still being treated, while Dr. Gerhardt gives the first statistics of the cases. He has treated fifty-nine patients, some with as many as thirteen injections. Three patients died, two left almost cured, eleven are doing well, six are bad, and the rest tolerable. Sometimes the treatment was stopped owing to complications developing, and Dr. Gerhardt holds that the remedy is still incomplete. So think most physicians in other countries, and several Governments forbid the use of the lymph except in hospitals. Educational reform is the only other important topic, the Special Commission having adopted the Emperor's views by recommending shortened lessons, more German history, less Greek and Latin, and English as obligatory.

The display of British sympathy with the oppressed Jews in RUSSIA gives great offence to the powerful party of anti-Semites, who protest vehemently against foreign interference, and credit England with selfish, rather than philanthropic, motives in the movement. "Hands off, Lord Mayor and gentlemen," cries the *Novoye Vremya*, which asks what England would say if the Mayor of St. Petersburg convened a meeting to promote Irish Home Rule, and asserts that the English want to check a further influx of Jewish cheap labour into their country, lest native trade should suffer. It may be through the pressure of foreign opinion that the Russians eagerly disclaim religious intolerance, pointing out that the new repressive measures are intended solely to check the power of the Jews over the rural population, whom they injure by business competition, and by lending money. Further, they amass an undue share of the national wealth through their economy and keen business faculties. On this plea the oppression of the Jews continues on all sides, and, indeed, is to be extended to other nationalities, for the Government are drafting regulations against aliens in general possessing land within the Empire unless they become Russian subjects. Beyond their frontiers the Russians are much delighted at the dissensions in SERBIA, hoping that the struggle between Queen Natalie and the Belgrade Government may stir up an agitation likely to further their ends. The Skuptchina flatly refused to consider the Queen's memorandum, notwithstanding the championship of the Liberals, who left the House in a body to express their wrath. The Radical majority evaded the difficulty by declaring that no law provided for such a contingency as the proposed discussion, and begged the Government and the Regency to "remove the disagreeable consequences of the matrimonial differences." Popular feeling generally leans to the Queen once more, but the differences of opinion cause much excitement, and possibly Queen Natalie may be exiled from the kingdom as the only means of restoring tranquility.

Financial troubles continue foremost in the UNITED STATES. Strong pressure has been brought upon the Government to relieve the present strain, and ultimately Mr. Windom and the Republican Caucus Committee of the Senate have agreed on a Bill by which the Government will purchase 2,400,000 of the surplus silver bullion at once, and issue Two-per-Cent. Bonds to the amount of twenty million sterling. Further, the money market has improved at the prospect of the competing railways being united into one association, embracing all lines west of Chicago to the Pacific, while the time allowed for the withdrawal of goods bonded before the McKinley tariff commenced will be extended from February to July. Of the Indian troubles details will be found in "Our Illustrations." Christmas festivities have begun already, and a melancholy result followed a breaking-up party in a ladies' college at Akron, Ohio. The student hostesses wore fancy costumes, and one of their dresses caught fire, which spread to the whole party in the efforts to rescue the first victim. Two of the girls are dead. Notwithstanding the new tariff the Americans still import their Christmas supplies from CANADA, and one cargo of turkeys and geese just sent will cost the buyer 3,200 in duties. Thanks, however, to Mr. McKinley the Canadians have prepared large consignments of poultry for England. Like the Dominion, JAMAICA finds her trade relations with the United States seriously disturbed, and many of the colonists urge confederation with Canada.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Emperor of AUSTRIA has again intervened to bring about the compromise between Czechs and Germans which he promoted some months ago. The young Czechs have broken away from the agreement, and failure seems most probable.

—The fever epidemic among the Grenadier Guards at BERMUDA is stated to be spreading and affecting other troops. Unless their health improves, the regiment may be removed to Halifax.—On leaving office in BURMA, Sir C. Crosthwaite has caused much ill-feeling by a farewell speech denouncing the malicious conduct of his opponents.—CHINA is certainly breaking down her wall of isolation. At the beginning of the Chinese New Year (February) the Emperor will give audience to the Foreign Representatives and entertain them at a banquet, these honours to be repeated annually.



THE chief members of the Royal Family assembled at Windsor Castle on Saturday for the annual commemoration of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice. The ex-Empress Eugénie left in the morning after spending the night at the Castle, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and family, Princess Louise, and the Duchess of Albany arrived during the day. Next morning the Queen and her children attended a special Memorial Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and the choir of St. George's sang anthems and hymns. Afterwards the Royal Household, and many of the Windsor residents, visited the Mausoleum by Her Majesty's permission. The Royal party dispersed on Monday. Lord and Lady Salisbury dined with Her Majesty in the evening, and on Tuesday night Lord and Lady Carrington joined the Royal party. The Queen postponed her departure to Osborne until yesterday (Friday), owing to the indisposition of the Princess Beatrice, who caught a chill, and was unable to pay her promised visit to the Duke and Duchess of Rutland last week. The Princess is now convalescent.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their son and daughters, returned to town on Saturday from staying with Lord Alington, at Criche, Dorset. The Duke and Duchess of Fife lunched with the Prince and Princess on their return, and the Royal party subsequently spent Saturday to Monday at Windsor, whence the Prince proceeded to Reading on Saturday to instal the Duke of Clarence and Avondale as Provincial Grand Master of the Berks Freemasons. The Duke of Connaught joined the party, and Reading gave the Princes a hearty welcome and a public luncheon. The Prince of Wales and his son then joined the Princess and daughters in town, and went to the Haymarket Theatre in the evening. The Prince has given up his intended visit to Newmarket, owing to the severe cold from which he is suffering.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday night distributed the prizes in a musical competition at the Plymouth Guildhall. He left Plymouth on Wednesday to spend Christmas with the Duchess and family.—Prince and Princess Christian have been staying at Desau with the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, parents of their daughter's fiancé. Princess Louise and Prince Arlberg will be married in England next spring.—Another Royal engagement is reported, between Prince Christian, eldest son of the Danish Crown Prince, and Princess Margaret, youngest daughter of the Empress Frederick.



THE week before Christmas week presents, as a rule, in the theatrical world a dead calm. Some tokens of the coming Christmas holidays, however, have this year already presented themselves. On Monday the DRURY LANE company, with the new romantic drama, *A Million of Money*, and all its elaborate scenery and properties, was transferred to the vast stage of COVENT GARDEN, where its popular features are likely to attract holiday audiences. The Drury Lane pantomime, which is still left with a free stage for rehearsals, will, of course, not be seen till Boxing Night, that being the long unbroken tradition of this house. Elsewhere pantomime will be sought in vain, save in the great suburban houses, where it flourishes as of old, and with even more than its old vigour. Mr. Augustus Harris, in brief, is a skilful tactician, who, by securing Covent Garden for other objects, practically leaves himself with "no brother near the throne." On the other hand, Mr. Savile Clarke's authorised version of Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*, with Mr. Slaughter's music, which is to be produced this afternoon at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, promises to be an essentially holiday piece. Our general prospective view of the Christmas entertainments, however, must be reserved for next week.

An American paper in noting the production of *Beau Austin* at the HAYMARKET remarks that it is "suspected of being an imitation of *Beau Brummell*, a play by Mr. Richard Mansfield, recently produced in New York." Further to fix the guilt of shabby plagiarism upon Messrs. Henley and Stevenson, the writer remarks that Mr. Beerbohm Tree "heard Mansfield's play read by Mr. Clyde Fitch." To the charge here insinuated the authors of *Beau Austin* have happily a conclusive answer; for their play was certainly finished some years before Mr. Mansfield's piece was in existence. A copy "printed for private circulation," now before us, bears date, 1884.

The recent benefit for the Balaclava heroes at the EMPIRE Theatre is stated to have produced the large sum of 600*l*. The next production at the HAYMARKET—apart from the special Monday novelties—will be a play by Mr. H. A. Jones, the scene of which is laid in great part among a Quaker community supposed to be settled in an island off the Cornish coast.

THE WEATHER FORECASTS FOR THE BRITISH ISLES issued by the Meteorological Council of the Royal Society rarely prove wrong. Taking the average of the last nine years, the forecasts have been fulfilled eighty-one times out of one hundred.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase. The deaths during the last two weeks numbered respectively 1,733 and 1,787, being an advance of 206 and 54, although 2 and 6 below the average, the death-rate rising to 20.4 and 21.1 per 1,000. The cold weather influenced the diseases of the respiratory organs, the fatalities increasing to 444 and 487 (an advance of 69 and 43), while those from diphtheria numbered 41 and 45 (a decrease of 7 and increase of 4). There were 91 and 92 deaths from measles (a rise of 43 and 1), 28 and 27 from whooping-cough (an advance of 13 and decline of 1), 23 and 30 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 4 and increase of 7), 16 and 13 from enteric fever (a rise of 4 and fall of 3), 4 and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 12 and advance of 8), and 1 from typhus in the former week. One death last week resulted from influenza proper, and another from "epidemic influenza, typhoid fever." Different forms of violence caused 55 and 61 deaths. There were 2,245 and 2,293 births registered, an increase of 265 and 48, yet 451 and 445 below the usual return,

## CHRISTMAS CARDS, ALMANACKS, ETC.

CHRISTMAS CARDS will not go out of fashion for lack of tempting productions to empty the public's pockets. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner always provide some of the most refined and artistic examples, and this year, whilst adding the popular jewelled cards to their collection, they again present the charming rural scenes and flowers which their artists draw so well. Among the novelties are the musical instruments, the animals in life-like form, the pocket-calendars, and the mother-of-pearl emblems, whilst J. C. Noakes' gold and silver designs on a pure white ground form some of the prettiest cards. Mr. Sigmund's "Christians Awake" is a seasonable, like some skating scenes by J. C. Kilburne, and with the late E. Wilson's landscapes, Miss Maguire's flowers, Miss West's birds, and Messrs. Dollman and Coudery to supply humour with comic huntsmen, anglers, and cats galore, there is a choice to suit all tastes. Originality is the motto of Messrs. Hamilton, Hills, whose "Unique" cards bring every-day objects into practical use, such as realistic plum-puddings, menus, prescriptions, and so forth, the mottoes being well-chosen. Moreover, in these days of foreign labour, it should be noticed that these cards are made in England. The big frosted pictures of Father Christmas, and the wintry scenes in Messrs. Birn's collection form attractive nursery-ornaments, though too big to send by post, and their imitation "crackers" are capital. As to their portfolios of views on lake, river, and land, they really form charming pictures, especially when framed in a plush background. A sporting card by Frank Paton, "Every Dog has its Day," deserves special mention. As to Mr. Tuck's Christmas Cards, it is indeed hard to pick and choose from such an attractive collection, where design, printing, colouring, and words are good alike. The wee booklets, with their jewelled covers, the birds and flowers in lifelike shape, the calendars—especially "Nature's Dial"—the Art-gem panel series, with their porcelain medallions, the folding-cards with their open-work designs, or their mysteries disclosed by holding the card to the light, the pretty new relief medallions on delicate-hued grounds, the seasonable frosted windmill with the robins on the gate—thoroughly original—are each and all tempting and in good taste.

The United States are entering into competition with the Old World, and Messrs. L. Prang and Co., of Boston, Mass., have sent over a large parcel of cards, some of which are very good, and others not quite so successful. The albums of cards dealing with purely American subjects are very pretty, and among them "Haunts of Whittier," a collection of cards illustrating places visited or described by the poet, should be mentioned. "A Summer Day" is also charming, though there seems nothing distinctively American about the drawings. "Twilight Fancies" is another collection of the same sort. "The Sago Valley," on the contrary, contains drawings and descriptions of American scenery, and is, therefore, newer and more attractive to English people, whose own artists have thoroughly exhausted all the European subjects. "The Seasons" is a pretty card, and there is a spray of roses which will charm the recipient, however awkward the postman may find its shape. Messrs. L. Prang and Co. also send a highly-coloured picture called "Playing at School," by Miss Ida Waugh.

The Celluloid Novelty Company send a very pretty little perpetual calendar in the form of a tambourine. The tambourine is decorated with ribbons and bells, and the celluloid, which replaces the parchment, has a view painted on it. A pretty and useful ornament for my lady's chamber.

The *Queen Illustrated Almanack* is a very good one for ladies. It contains a great deal of useful information and capital portraits of celebrities and well-known ladies.

"The Faithful Friends," is a new perpetual calendar that should become very popular. Kate Greenaway's Almanack will make a charming little gift, and Cassell's Illustrated Almanack and Companion will please many. The Churchman's Oxford Calendar, whether for the wall or the pocket, is indispensable to clergymen, for it contains the lessons for every day in the year printed in clear and convenient form. The Finger New Testament, published by Henry Frowde, will also be most useful, and is admirably printed on India paper.

These dark nights being the height of the burglary season, Messrs. Wolff's game of "The Burglar and the Bobbies" is topical and amusing. Only, the inventor is not very complimentary to the police-force when he sets six bobbies to catch one burglar.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MESSRS. LONGMANS publish a new edition of "Poems," by "V" (Mrs. Archer Clive), author of "Paul Ferroll." The volume includes the well-known IX. Poems. This accomplished and gifted poetess, who died in 1873 at the age of seventy-two, was lame all through life, owing to severe illness when she was three years old. Though her strong mind and high spirit carried her happily through childhood and early life, as she grew up she felt sharply the loss of all the active pleasures enjoyed by others. The "Poems by V." have been praised by Dugald Stewart, by Lockhart, and by Mr. Gladstone, who says of them:—"They form a small book which has the life and soul of a great book." Thoughtful and musical, a sombre if pathetic sadness reigns over much of the verse, of which the key-note is appropriately struck in the poem "Still-light," which opens thus:—

Darling, methinks, the path of life is grown,  
And Solitude and Sorrow close around;  
My fellow-travellers one by one are gone,  
Their home is reached, but mine must still be found.  
The sun that set as the last bow'd his head  
To cross the threshold of his resting-place,  
Has left the world devoid of all that made  
Its business, pleasure, happiness, and grace.

Another attractive reprint is "Selection from the Poems of Jeanie Morison" (William Blackwood). To earnest-minded folk not a few of the lyrics which this volume contains will appeal with much force. The poetess gives gentle and tender expression to the longing for family reunion beyond the grave, and she is by no means unhappy in her melodious rendering of certain portions of the New Testament Story. Scotch scenery and tradition find in the lady an admirable and amiable exponent, and it must be a very unsympathetic reader who can read without conscious emotion "John Brown of Priesthills' Wife." Indeed, we are not sure that the author is not at her best when employing the dialect of Burns.

The old enduring problems surrounding the question of the end of existence are the theme of Mr. Crossdale Harris's "Laurence: Scenes in a Life" (Kegan Paul). The lyrical "Poem" shows that the author has at command a fluent, not unmusical rhymed form of composition, but his blank verse occasionally drifts into obscurity, which is unavoidable, perhaps, where a poet would present a large subject tersely, by suggestion rather than explicitly. Sometimes Mr. Harris rises to something which is not far removed from real eloquence. The following quotation may serve to indicate with tolerable fidelity much of his matter and manner:—

Faith have I not—not yet, but hope is life;  
And love for something larger than love's self—  
These am I learning, losing all regret.  
I have no voice to cry, give back the days  
When all the world was wrapt in miracle  
And mist, and all the hills were white with sheep,  
And all the dales were rainbow-hued with flowers,  
And all the air was wreathed with flight of birds,  
And every golden string within the heart  
Rang out clear notes of youth.



## MUSIC

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The winter orchestral concert season closed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when, owing to the absence of Mr. Manns in Scotland, the post of conductor was taken by Mr. Carl Jung, leader of the orchestra. The principal item of the programme was Mr. Edward German's new symphony in E minor, in which, following the example of some of the older masters, the young English musician has utilised the thematic materials of a symphony composed by him during his student days, and performed at a Royal Academy concert three years since. The symphony has, however, now been entirely re-written, and the orchestration is wholly new. The first movement is the least interesting of the four, but the slow movement, which is more or less of a pastoral character, and the minuet are the most effective sections of the symphony, the last movement also showing some excellent workmanship. The programme also comprised Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, magnificently played by Miss Fanny Davies.

**ACADEMY CONCERTS.**—Our three great musical training-schools last week gave their winter orchestral concerts. Of the Royal College programme the principal feature was a setting by Mr. Charles Wood, now of Caius College, Cambridge, of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." The tenor solo is not of a particularly grateful character, but the well-varied choruses to which the first three stanzas of the poem are set gave abundant evidence of true musicianship. The College Orchestra played Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy."—At the Royal Academy a pretty *Intermezzo*, by Mr. R. Steggall, and a somewhat ambitious concert overture, *The Fire Worshipers*, by Mr. Glanville Bantock, were produced, and some of the best pianoforte and vocal students of the Academy also appeared.—At the Guildhall School Concert on Saturday the principal feature of the performance was the playing, by an orchestra of upwards of a hundred students trained by Mr. Weist Hill, of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, and of the first movement from Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—Sir Charles Hallé, at his last concert of the present year on Friday, put forward an interesting programme, including Berlioz' "Episode in the Life of an Artist," admirably played by the Manchester Orchestra, and Beethoven's Violin concerto, performed by Lady Hallé. Sir Charles has decided to abandon his remaining concerts.—The Royal Choral Society last week revived for the first time these six years Dr. Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*. The performance suffered to a certain extent owing to the fog, which caused many gaps in the ranks of the choristers. The principal artists were Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills, all of them, with the exception of the last, in excellent voice.—The last of this year's Monday Popular Concerts was given on Monday, when Brahms' *Gipsy Songs* were performed for the first time this season. On Saturday the first set of *Liedeslieder Walzer*, which have not been given for nine years, were likewise performed.—On Tuesday the Bach Choir revived Brahms' *Requiem*, a noble work, the difficulties of which have hitherto prevented its more frequent performance by our London Choral Societies, and Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."—The Brixton Choral Society have performed Mr. Cowen's *St. John's Eve*; Mr. Philpott's opera *Zelica* has been produced in concert form at Brixton; and concerts have been given by the Musical Artists' Society, Mr. Gompertz (who revived Professor Stanford's piano quintet in D minor), Miss Mary Cardew, the Musical Guild, the Wind Instrument Musical Society, Mr. Isidore de Lara, Mr. Boscowitz (who lectured on Harpsichord Music), the Private Banks' Musical Society, the Students of the Royal Academy of Arts, and others.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Antonin Dvorák has agreed to come to London in June to receive the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. at Cambridge University. His "exercise" will be his *Stabat Mater*, with Madame Albani as principal vocalist.—Mr. Augustus Harris has now signed the engagement with M. Maurel, who will sing during the next three seasons at Covent Garden. He has likewise engaged M. Devoyod and Miss Risley, an American contralto and a pupil of Madame Marchesi.—Dr. Mackenzie has left England for Germany, where he will meet Señor Sarasate, and the two will compose together a violin piece, which will be heard during Sarasate's next summer season of concerts.

## PASTIMES

THE elements have done their worst to spoil sport since we last wrote. Race meetings, rowing matches, and football contests without end have had to be abandoned or postponed owing either to fog or frost. Fog is, perhaps, the worst enemy, for nothing has yet been discovered to counteract its effects; while frost can be combated if prompt and strenuous measures are taken to keep the "bone" out of the ground. Thus, at Manchester, where the course was covered with hay, two days of cold, but fairly enjoyable, steeplechasing were obtained last week. The only event calling for notice was the Manchester Handicap. This fell to Mr. W. H. Russell's Dominion, which had already acquitted himself well this season. At Hurst Park, where fog necessitated Thursday's sport being postponed to Friday, Merryman won a couple of races, and old Giesshubler was among the victors. Windsor Steeple-chases, set for Monday last, had to be postponed.

ROWING fared little better than racing. For the first time in their history, the Cambridge University "Trial Eights" were obliged, owing to the presence of ice in the Ouse, to betake themselves to the Thames for their annual race, which, owing to the ignorance of one of the coxswains regarding the tricks of the tide-way, resulted in a dead-heat. The sculling-race between J. Follett, of Richmond, and C. R. Harding, of Chelsea, had to be postponed three times. Eventually, after a good struggle, victory rested with the former.—Frost and fog, however, do not trouble sportsmen in Australia, where the question of the Sculling Championship has been rendered more involved than ever by the victory of M'Lean over Kemp. O'Connor has challenged the winner.

FOOTBALL also has been seriously interfered with. Only two out of eight matches in the London Senior Cup Competition could be played. In these Clapton and Royal Arsenal knocked out Old Harrovians and Old Westminsters respectively. Most of the League clubs, however, brought off their matches, and Everton maintained their position with an easy victory over Derby County. But innumerable other matches were postponed.—Disappointed of meeting one another, the rival University Rugby Fifteens have been on tour in Ireland and Scotland respectively, with the result that Cambridge succumbed to Dublin University, but revenged themselves on Lansdowne and the North of Ireland, while Oxford, after beating Edinburgh Academicals, met with defeat from the West of Scotland, though they afterwards beat Edinburgh University, who had previously succumbed both to Swinton and Bradford.

INDOOR SPORTS of all kinds have, of course, been flourishing. First in point of time though last, to our mind, in point of value, came the weight-lifting contest between the two "strong men," M'Cann alias "Hercules," and Eugene Sandow, which has aroused so much controversy. Each set the other three feats. "Hercules"

performed his own three cleanly and well, but did not attempt Sandow's "tricks" as he contemptuously called them; while Sandow, with less judgment but more pluck, attempted all six feats, and did four of them after a fashion. The judges awarded the match to "Hercules"—a decision which has met with much adverse criticism. The result only endorses our opinion expressed a fortnight ago—that it is almost impossible to arrange a satisfactory trial of strength.—The billiard-players "will still be talking" of matches for immense sums, but little business is done. Roberts scored 9,000 last week while Richards was making only 3,700, and eventually won by nearly 1,000. Dawson beat Mitchell by more than the 4,000 points conceded him, though the loser made a break of 1,130, and Peall beat McNeil. This week at the Egyptian Hall Roberts, Mitchell, McNeil, and Taylor are playing a series of 600-up heats, the winner of the greatest number to take a gold watch as a prize; while at the Aquarium, Richards is giving Dawson 1,000 in 8,000, spot-barred.

## SIR EDGAR BOEHM

JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, who died suddenly on the 12th inst., of heart-disease, was born on July 4th, 1834, at Vienna, where his father, a Hungarian, was director of the Austrian Mint. He was educated at Vienna, and subsequently studied in Paris for three years, in Italy, and in England, where he has been settled since 1862. His first important work in this country was a colossal statue of the Queen, for Windsor Castle, in 1869. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1878, and an R.A. in 1882; he was also a member of several foreign Academies. He was nominated Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen in 1881, and was created a Baronet in July, 1889. Among his best-known public works are a colossal statue of John Bunyan, for Bedford, in 1872; statues of Lord Napier of Magdala; Earl Russell, for St. George's Hall, Westminster; Lord Lawrence, for Waterloo Place; Thomas Carlyle and William Tyndall, for the Victoria Embankment; Lords Beaconsfield and Stratford de Redcliffe; and Dean Stanley, for Westminster Abbey. An engraving of one of his latest works, the statue of the Emperor Frederick in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, will be found on page 701. He



SIR EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.  
Born July 4, 1834. Died Friday, December 12, 1890

married, in 1860, the only daughter of Mr. F. Lawrence Boteler, of West Derby, Liverpool, by whom he has left one son—a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery—and three daughters.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

## NEW NOVELS

IF Clara Lemoire's "A Harvest of Weeds" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), be a first work, its author should take a good position among the crowded ranks of lady novelists. She writes well, which is still a matter of some consequence, and in her portrait of the Rev. Eustace Graysbook she has shown that she can develop a difficult and anything but conventional character firmly and consistently. Her other male characters are, it must be confessed, specimens from the emporium, wherever it may be, where lady novelists appear to obtain such wares ready made; but the clergyman who, having let one seed of hatred or envy sow itself in his heart, found by degrees that he had no room for aught else until it choked and ruined him, belongs to genuine tragedy. We do not think, however, that he would have left a written explanation behind him in view of his needlessly melodramatic suicide—especially as the story was all perfectly clear without it. Possibly, however, the supposed necessity for filling three volumes is answerable for this, among many other excrescences.—Mr. Lovely, the detective, for example, sympathetic and interesting as he is, might have been dropped out of the story in which he is so busy, and apparently so important, without making the smallest difference to its course or conclusion. Altogether, the novel will be read with interest and pleasure; and those symptoms of amateurishness, which we have mentioned for its author's help, are of the sort that a little experience is almost safe to remedy where there is any real merit to work upon.

New Mexico, as described by Arthur Paterson in "The Better Man" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), was not a pleasant region ten or twelve years ago. The author of the novel proceeds upon the plan of discovering fine qualities under the rough outsides of men who deliberately choose to devilise themselves, and to become more savage than natural savages. Arthur Paterson has done this with quite the usual amount of success, and without copying

Mr. Bret Harte; but he nevertheless leaves the impression that twenty years of the humdrum conventionalities of Europe would be better morally, physically, and socially, than a cycle of New Mexico. Perhaps the exciting delights of penal servitude in the form of stock-keeping and herding have been a little overdone, if not actually in the Bush and in the Wild West, yet in romantic fiction. And perhaps it is from some such feeling that Arthur Paterson has given special attention to his love-department, in the form of two parallel plots which might just as well and as interestingly have been worked out in Mayfair as in a prairie-town. On the whole, anxious fathers need not be afraid that "The Better Man" will tempt their boys to turn cowboys or shepherds, even for the sake of escaping the Examination fiend.

Of all the unpleasant people ever gathered together within the compass of three volumes the characters of Florence Marryat's "Brave Heart and True" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) deserve to take almost, if not quite, the first prize. Even Dr. Vangel, whose initial only is supposed to distinguish him from the rest of his name, does not scruple to get the whip-hand of people by threatening a woman with the loss of her reputation; and this un-Bayard-like behaviour is certainly none the worse because he had really discovered the rector's wife's intrigue with the curate. There is a good deal of ecclesiastical business in the novel of a kind that will excite some surprise. A clergyman of Mr. Somerset's views would have been the last to allow a child to die unbaptised on any ground, whatever might be the creed of its parents; and it will be new to most persons that an Anglican rector or vicar has a recognised "privilege" of hearing auricular confession of which his Diocesan can deprive him. The purpose of the novel may be that to confess to anybody but a celibate is an act of imprudence. At any rate, we can discover none of the conventional purposes of fiction.

Most things that can be said of the hunting-novel have been said many times. Mrs. Robert Jocelyn's "The Criton Hunt Mystery" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) has, however, certain distinctive peculiarities. A horse is called a horse; hounds are not once termed "dappled beauties;" nor more than once is a fence "negotiated." This is all to the good, and Mrs. Jocelyn has shown that the stock incidents of the hunting-field, the bull-room, and the boudoir can be described quite as spiritedly in ordinary English as in the jargon of the sporting correspondent. Her mystery is simple enough, and she is kind enough to take her readers into her confidence from the beginning. But, though there would be no breach of confidence in telling it, the story is told so brightly that we advise any reader who likes the very easiest sort of reading to make its acquaintance at first hand. We can promise him that the novel may be guaranteed not to trouble the laziest brain, or to excite the most sensitive feelings—a fact for which many will owe Mrs. Jocelyn a debt of gratitude over and above that of the tradesmen whom she so kindly mentions. Finally, the mystery moves in very good society, and is adorned with plenty of money and costumes à la ravin.

## RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON is felt to be severe by many who ordinarily exult in the cold. This is probably in consequence of the fine and mild autumn, making the contrast very acute and allowing no preparatory stage between genial and rigorous characteristics. The cold thaw which followed on the snowfall of a fortnight ago sufficed to melt the protective covering to the young wheat, and sharp penetrating frost therefore is now to be viewed with apprehension. The birds, already hard beset through the early appearance of winter, have eaten most of the berries along the hedgerows, neither have they spared the holly berries, which are not particularly palatable. Farmers go on threshing wheat and barley quite as freely as in other years, though, should the present severe weather keep on well into the new year, they will doubtless be regretting that they did not hold their grain. The health of stock has been generally satisfactory, well-nourished animals being none the worse for dry cold.

A STRIKING EXCEPTION has of course been the death of the prize and champion heifer at the Smithfield Show. Such are the efforts made to hush up any untoward event of this sort, that with some owners we might well have heard nothing of an incident which is full of warning to all breeders of fat stock. The champion heifer this year, however, happened to be the property of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and though the cattle-stalls were most carefully re-arranged so as to afford no hint by any vacant stall of what had occurred, yet the truth was soon out. The fog and cold, the carbonic-acid-laden atmosphere of a crowded Show, and perhaps a certain delicacy of constitution from the beginning, combined to exert a fatal influence, and the poor creature was killed on the afternoon of the fourth day of the exhibition.

APART FROM THIS OCCURRENCE the Smithfield gathering was a successful one, and on the Wednesday, which was the day following the rising of Parliament, over thirty Members visited the Show. Scotch cattle, as usual, carried off a large proportion of the prizes, but the most clear successes were those of the breeders who had bought Scotch animals and fed them up amid the more genial characteristics of the Southern kingdom. The absence of the Galloway breed was owing to one of those feuds for which our agricultural Societies are unhappily notorious.

THE GREATEST CATTLE SHOW OF ALL.—The actual Christmas beef supply at an open market was held on Monday. In 1889, when 5,000 beasts were on offer, or 2,000 below those of the previous year, prices ranged from 2s. 4d. to 5s. 2d. per 8 lbs. This year 330 more beasts were shown, Scotland sending 2,400 against the Midland, Home, and Western Counties, 1,860; Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex 600; Ireland, 200; Canada, 260; and Denmark, 10. Part of the time a fog enveloped the market. Prices from 5s. 4d. to 4s. 4d. Nearly all the cattle were sold. Of sheep, 2,000 more than last year were on offer. Value generally was but little changed from previous week; but, of course, the Christmas market supply always includes the best stock, and so rather enhances prices.

AT THE QUEEN'S SALE of fat stock for this year a total of 2,914 was realised, the average being 6l. 5s. a head for Hampshire wethers, 3l. 5s. for Hampshire lambs, 3l. 7s. for Southdown wethers, 2l. 19s. for Highland wethers, 3l. 3s. for half-bred Cheviot ewes, and 33l. 3s. 6d. for Devon bullocks. These are good prices, especially for the Hampshire Down sheep.

ECONOMY AND SALE OF BY-PRODUCTS do not pay on an inland farm, says Mr. A. G. Murray, because inland farming is entirely ruled by railway rates. Steamboats will carry wheat from New York to Liverpool for 5s. per ton, but the railways charge 3d. per ton mileage, or 20s. per ton for sending eighty miles. Large quantities of potato stalks, nettles, thistles, dock, and ragweed could be used up in paper and other mills; loose timber topplings and brushwood, burnt up in November to clear the ground in the country, would sell well in the towns. The railway rates are, of course, a matter of dividend, and a patriotic encouragement of home agriculture is not a by-law of any commercial venture.

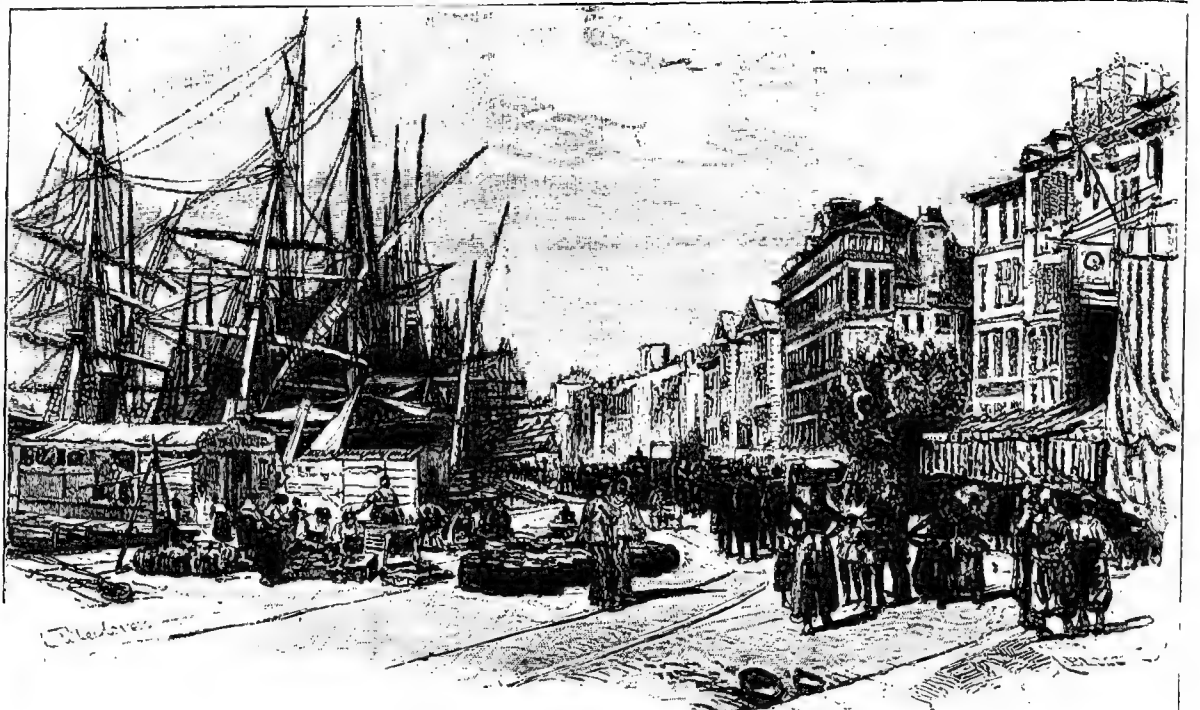




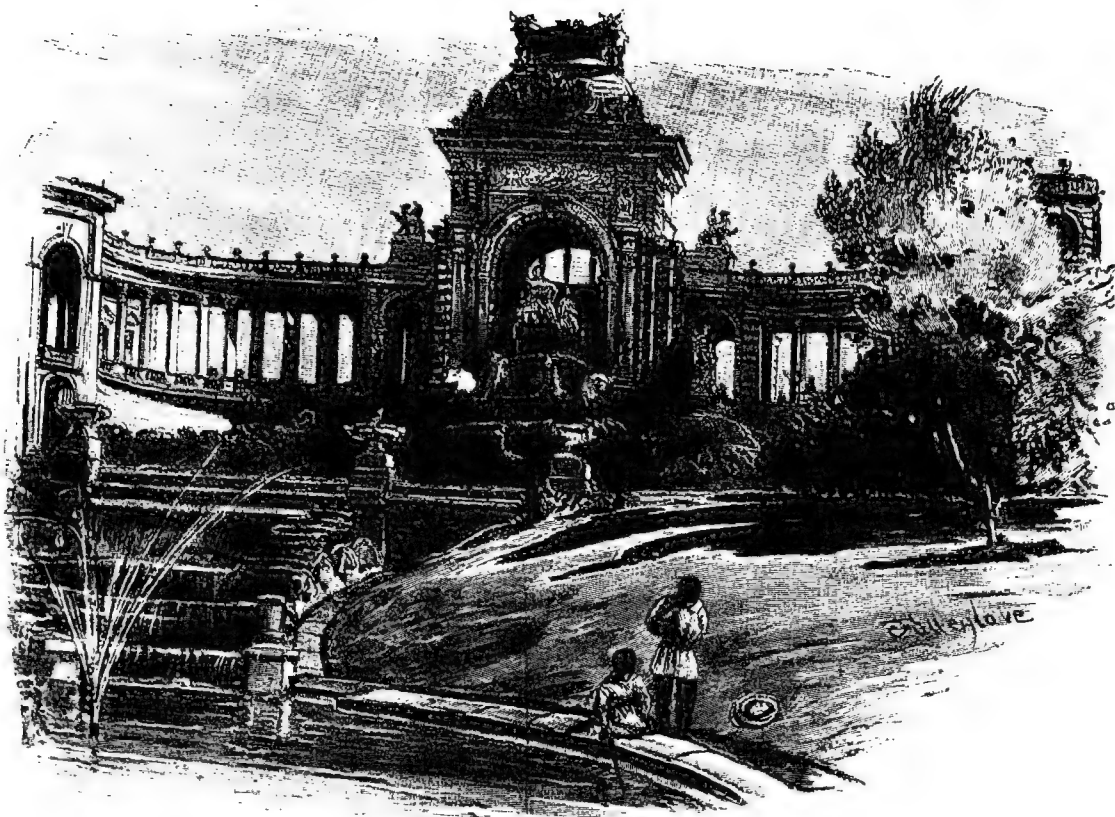
CAPO CORSO

THE great inland sea, whose shores are fringed with the ruins of mighty cities that have swayed the

world and shaped the course of history, affords an inexhaustible multitude of subjects for pen and pencil. In the magnificent volume just issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, "The Picturesque Mediterranean," writers as competent as H. D. Traill, Grant Allen, and R. Lambert Playfair, and artists as skilful as John O'Connor, R.I., John Macwhirter, A.R.A., and John Fulleylove, R.I., have banded together to describe and illustrate the shores of the Mother of Nations, and to trace the story of the columns and towers that look down upon its blue waters. The present volume is the first of the work, and begins with "The Pillars of Hercules" and the Rock of Gibraltar. Next Smyrna is described, and Marseilles, which has flourished, a famous city, from the days of the ancient Greeks to the time of



THE OLD HARBOUR, MARSEILLES



PALAIS DE LONGCHAMPS, MARSEILLES

the modern French. The old harbour, now too small for the traffic of the modern town, is still thronged with the crowded ships of all nations, and is visited by all the tribes and peoples of the Mediterranean world. The Palais de Longchamps is a modern work of the Versailles type, suited neither to the present nor the past of Marseilles. From the greatest of French seaports, we cross over to Corsica, and, with a glance at Capo Corso, the northernmost point of the island, travel down the Syrian coast, visit Genoa, Tunis, the Gulf of Corinth, Barcelona, and Alexandria. Then, proceeding to the less-known Adriatic, we coast along beneath the Dalmatian Mountains, touching at the ancient historic cities that lie on the narrow strip of shore beneath the barren hills, but somehow omit the coasts of Albania from our survey. The volume concludes with an account of the Balearic Islands, and Port Mahon, over which the flag of England floated for the greater part of the last century.

This splendid volume is worthy of the great subject that has inspired it, and reflects the utmost credit upon Messrs. Cassell. The text is admirably written, giving just enough of the history of the places dealt with, thus avoiding sketchiness on the one hand and too great a mass of detail on the other. But the most remarkable point about the work is the excellence of the illustrations, which are not hashed up from old blocks and drawings, as is too frequently the case with books professing to illustrate places a little out of the ordinary beat of artists. All the engravings are reproductions of sketches by well-known artists, each man being assigned a country with which he is familiar, and thus the illustrations have a real and permanent value. "The Picturesque Mediterranean" must not be set down as an ordinary Christmas gift-book, though no handsomer present could be desired; it stands by itself among the books of the season, and has only one fault—the second volume is not yet published.

A JUBILEE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION takes place at Berlin next May, when the Artists' Union keeps its fiftieth birthday. The Empress Frederick will be the President, and the Exhibition is to be a very elaborate affair, with sections for illustrated publications, fans, and artistic diplomas, besides the customary oils, water-colours, and black-and-white drawings. The artists will draw up an illustrated catalogue, and give a grand festival in honour of the occasion.



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A GREATER surprise than usual is in  
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NOTICE.—From the fact that many  
thousands of New Subscribers have been  
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ture ever published," is becoming fully recognised.  
Any person who purchases No. 379 (ready Dec. 31),  
price 1d., commencing the New Year, or Part 85, price  
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## OLD-FASHIONED SPORTING PICTURES

THE present coloured supplement, a reproduction of century-old sporting pictures, exclusively devoted to "Hunting Incidents," offers a wide selection from the works of artists who were famous in their day for their playful and somewhat whimsical contributions to the pictorial records of the chase.

We have two contrasted versions by Thomas Rowlandson; the larger example, "The Humours of Fox-Hunting, 1788—Running in View," is a picture from the rollicking series designed in the artist's liveliest vein for his patron George IV. when Prince of Wales, wherein His Royal Highness personally figures as a hero of the chase. The *suite*, in a series of six spirited tableaux, illustrates the moving episodes of a fox-hunt as conducted at the epoch, from the meet to the finish, and concludes with the boisterous festivities with which a successful day's sport was consistently wound up, namely, the bumper-toast:—

Horses sound, dogs healthy,  
Earths stop, and foxes plenty.

"The Dinner," with its attendant humours, formed the subject of a drawing already reproduced in the present series of coloured supplements dealing with the theme of "Old-fashioned Sporting Pictures." A figure frequently introduced among the performers was the representation of a clerical personage, to wit, the "sporting parson," relished alike by Rowlandson and John Leech. In the present version his reverence is getting a fall. Of this order of hard riding ecclesiastics, whose feats in the field have been com-

memorate I, was the Rev. Harry Moor, erst Vicar of the suggestively-named Cure of "Foxholes in the Wolds," who, though riding fourteen stone, was esteemed in his generation, says the sporting chronicler, "one of the best gentlemen riders in England, who pre- served that true character—never to avoid what was necessary;" this characteristic being understood to apply to his "nerve at his jumps." Famous in anecdote is that clerical Nimrod, delicately alluded to in the stories of his prowess, after the fashion of his day, as the Rev. Mr. L—, of Rutlandshire, a worthy pastor whose eccentric feats, it may be conjectured, possibly inspired Randolph Caldecott's inimitable series of pictures illustrating the metrical history of the fox that jumped over the parson's gate. This reverend enthusiast, it is recorded, always wore boots and spurs while performing weekday service, and when, as frequently happened in so sporting a district, "the huntsman's melodious cry" reached his ears before his congregation was dismissed, at this inspiring signal the surplice was instantly thrown off, the book shut, the pastor in the saddle clearing his gate like the fox in the story, while the clerk simply told the devout flock to depart, as the church was about to be locked up. In the same connection it is related that while this clerical sportsman was on one occasion marrying a couple, the hounds chanced to pass "in full cry" when he was half-way through the wedding service; at this critical point the parson, with a hasty promise that "he would finish the ceremonial the next morning," was "in with the hounds" before the expectant pair had realised their situation.

The reverend horticulturist depicted in Rowlandson's version of "The Enraged Vicar; or, Fox-hunting versus Fancy Gardening,"

was evidently an enthusiast of a diametrically opposite disposition; the picture affords a quaintly realistic view of the eccentricities achieved a century ago under the mahia for so-called pictorial gardening; alas, for the Vicar's ornamental flower-beds, and his oddly-trimmed yews and clipped hollies.

Rowlandson's brother-in-law, William Howitt, was a more serious delineator of the manly pleasures found in field-sports—a sense of grateful remembrance is due to the memory of this artist for the numerous sportsmanlike drawings he has left illustrating every branch of sport as followed a century back. Howitt was himself a thorough and devoted sportsman, and in this respect his productions specially commend themselves to all lovers of hunting, shooting, angling, and kindred sports. "Trailing for a Hare," selected from a numerous series, is reproduced as an instance of his style of delineation. A satirical view was taken of sportsmen and their pursuits by the more caustic James Gillray. His *suites* of "Cockney Sportsmen" and "Hunting Mishaps"—the forerunners of Seymour's "Sporting Sketches"—are broadly humorous, witness the example reproduced, playfully illustrating—from a Cockney point of vision—the expression, "Hounds in Full Cry."

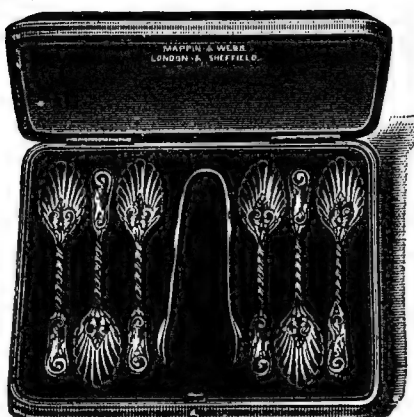
Among all his compeers Henry Alken was the most extensive and versatile delineator of British sports; it would puzzle adepts to reckon up his productions in this branch, as most collectors of his works know. The example—selected from the amusing series of "Sporting Anecdotes"—founded on writings in the *Sporting Magazine*, "Fox-hunting versus Politics," is a fairly characteristic specimen of Alken's particular art.

J. G.

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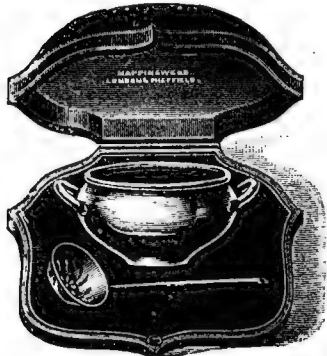
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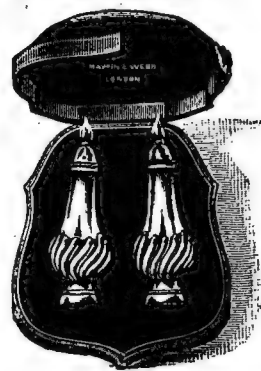
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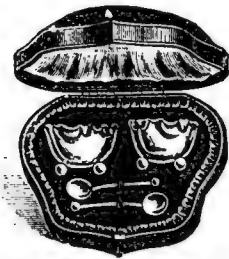
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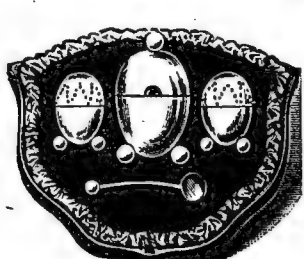
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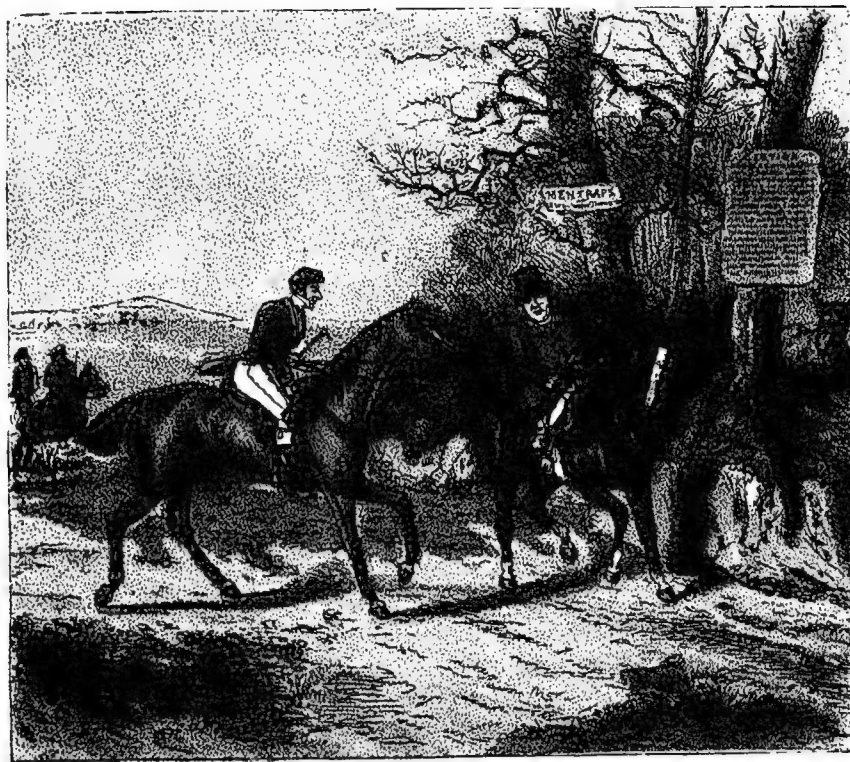
Thomas Rowlandson

THE ENRAGED VICAR, OR FOX HUNTING *versus* FANCY GARDENING



James Gillray, 1800

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did—and always shall—wote with the gemman wot hunts our country"



William Howitt

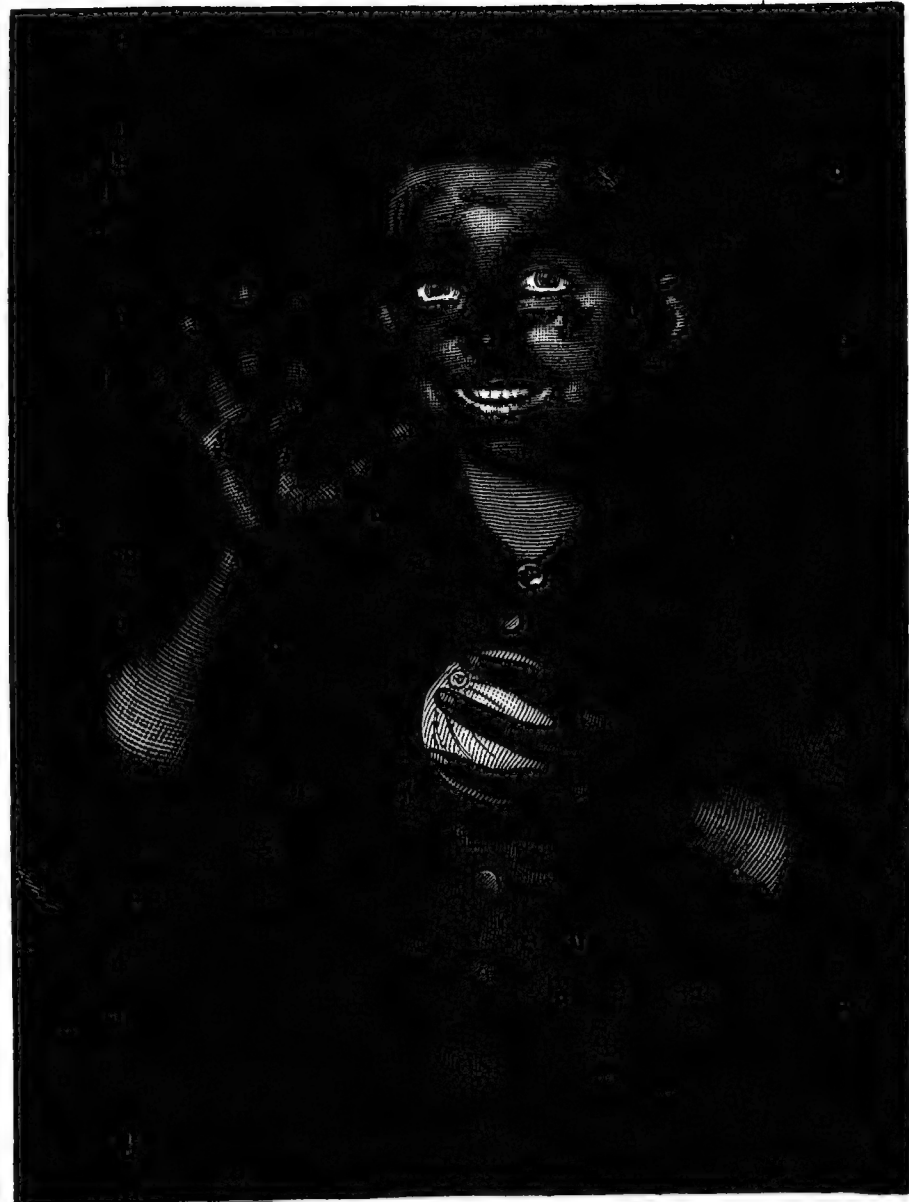
TRAILING FOR A HARE



Thomas Rowlandson

THE HUMOURS OF FOX HUNTING, 1788—RUNNING IN VIEW.





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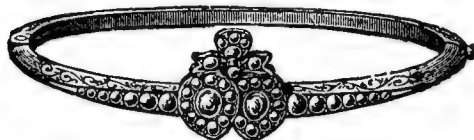
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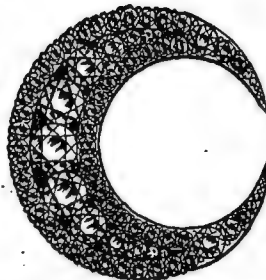
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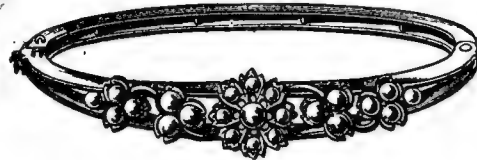
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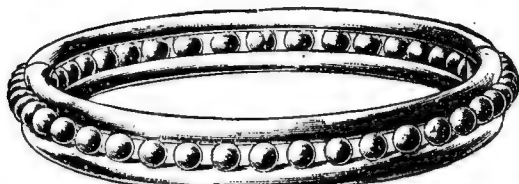
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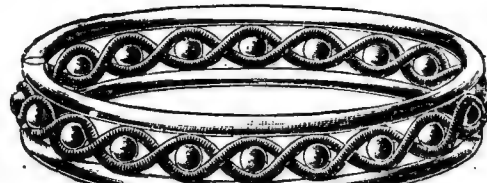
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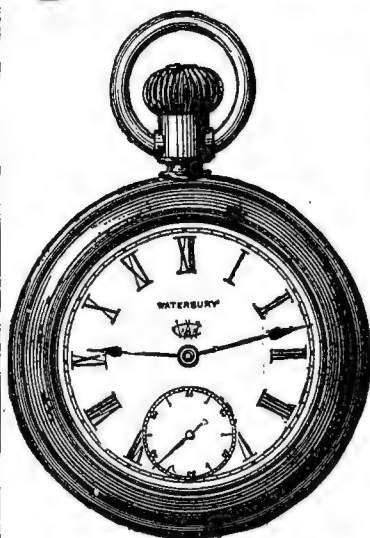
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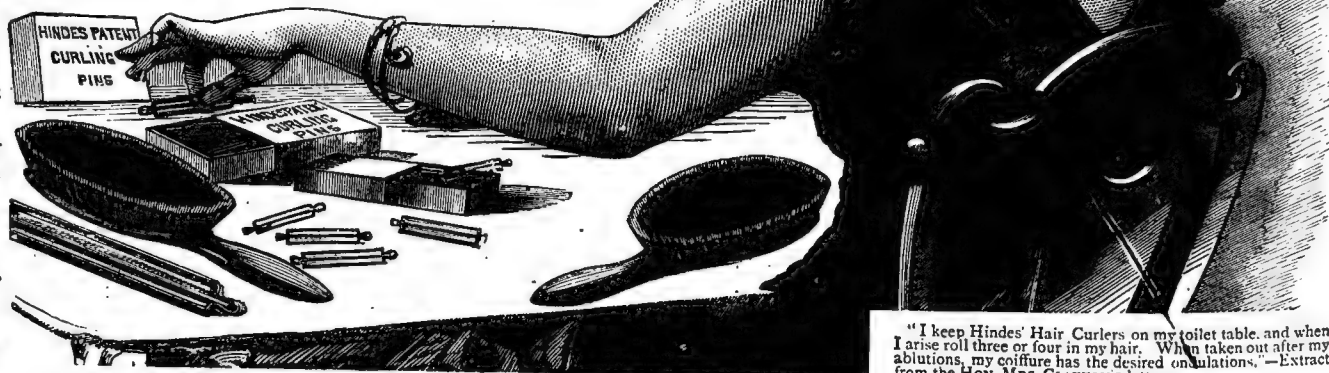
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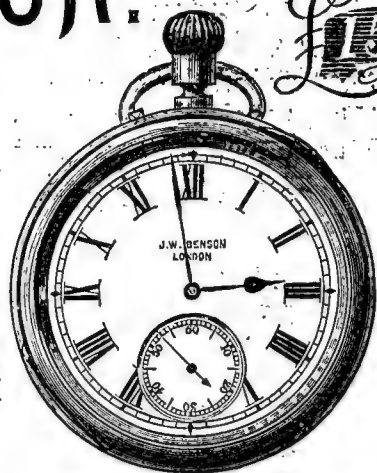
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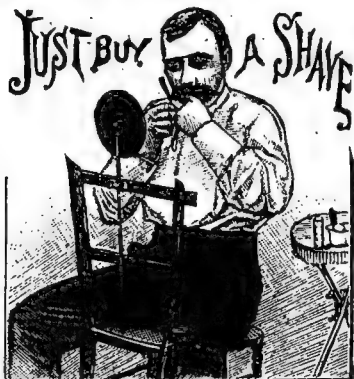
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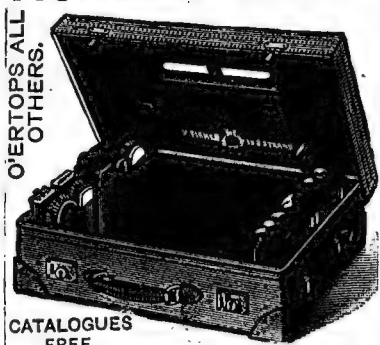
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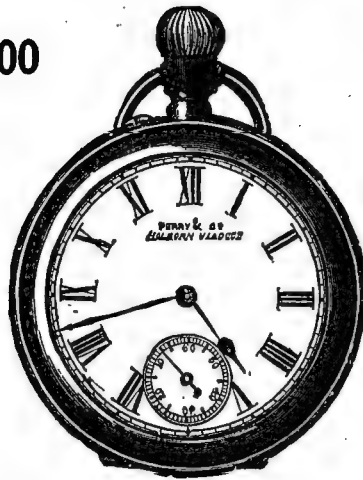
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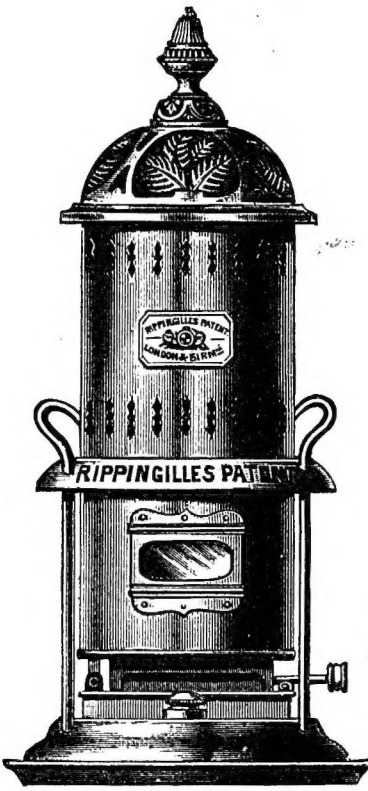
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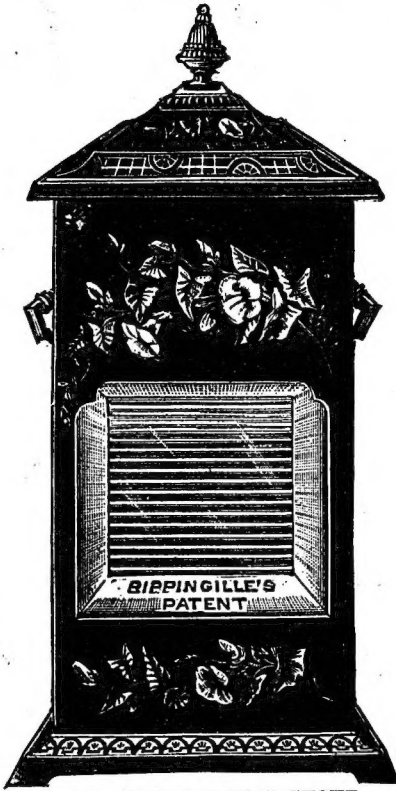
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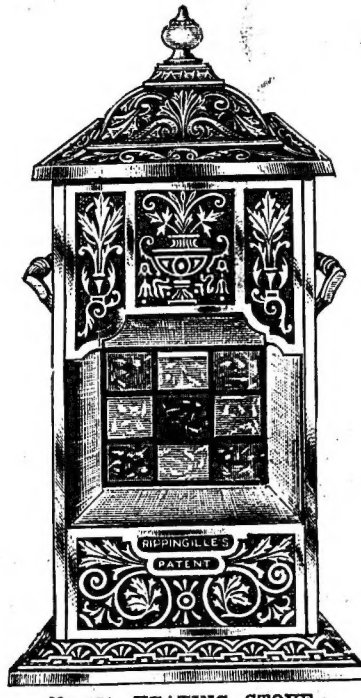
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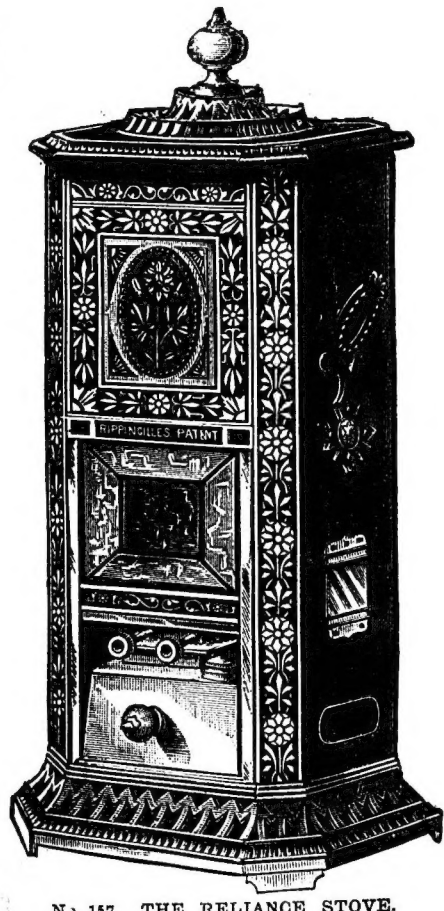
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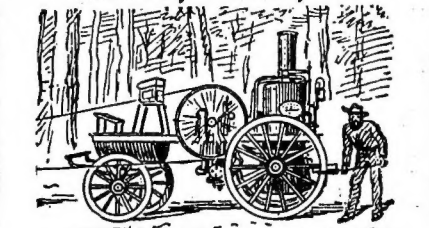
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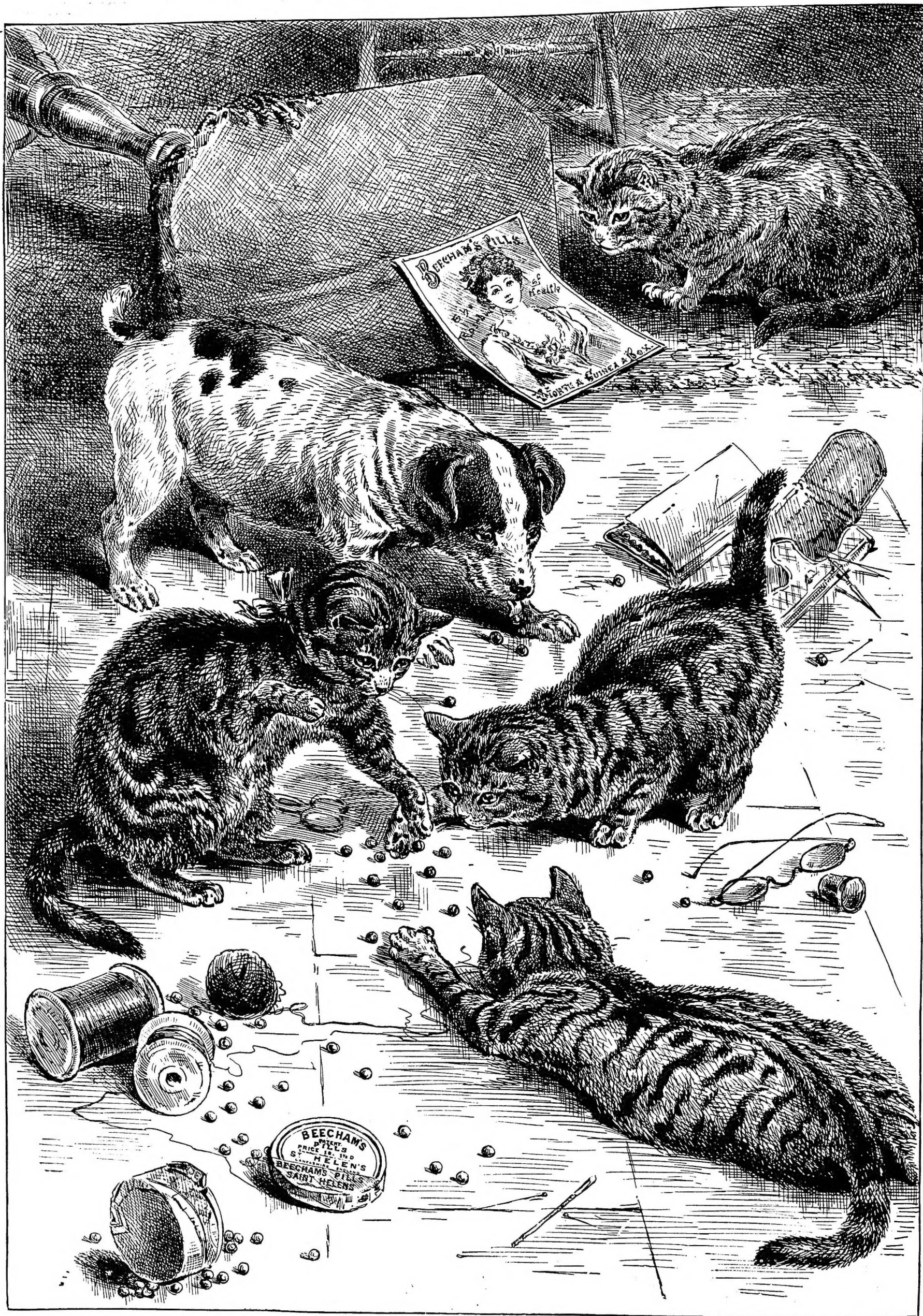
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3955s. 6d., 3965s. 6d., 3975s. 6d.,  
3985s. 6d., 3995s. 6d., 4005s. 6d.,  
4015s. 6d., 4025s. 6d., 4035s. 6d.,  
4045s. 6d., 4055s. 6d., 4065s. 6d.,  
4075s. 6d., 4085s. 6d., 4095s. 6d.,  
4105s. 6d., 4115s. 6d., 4125s. 6d.,  
4135s. 6d., 4145s. 6d., 4155s. 6d.,  
4165s. 6d., 4175s. 6d., 4185s. 6d.,  
4195s. 6d., 4205s. 6d., 4215s. 6d.,  
4225s. 6d., 4235s. 6d., 4245s. 6d.,  
4255s. 6d., 4265s. 6d., 4275s. 6d.,  
4285s. 6d., 4295s. 6d., 4305s. 6d.,  
4315s. 6d., 4325s. 6d., 4335s. 6d.,  
4345s. 6d., 4355s. 6d., 4365s. 6d.,  
4375s. 6d., 4385s. 6d., 4395s. 6d.,  
4405s. 6d., 4415s. 6d., 4425s. 6d.,  
4435s. 6d., 4445s. 6d., 4455s. 6d.,  
4465s. 6d., 4475s. 6d., 4485s. 6d.,  
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4585s. 6d., 4595s. 6d., 4605s. 6d.,  
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4645s. 6d., 4655s. 6d., 4665s. 6d.,  
4675s. 6d., 4685s. 6d., 4695s. 6d.,  
4705s. 6d., 4715s. 6d., 4725s. 6d.,  
4735s. 6d., 4745s. 6d., 4755s. 6d.,  
4765s. 6d., 4775s. 6d., 4785s. 6d.,  
4795s. 6d., 4805s. 6d., 4815s. 6d.,  
4825s. 6d., 4835s. 6d., 4845s. 6d.,  
4855s. 6d., 4865s. 6d., 4875s. 6d.,  
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7585s. 6d., 7595s. 6d., 7605s. 6d.,  
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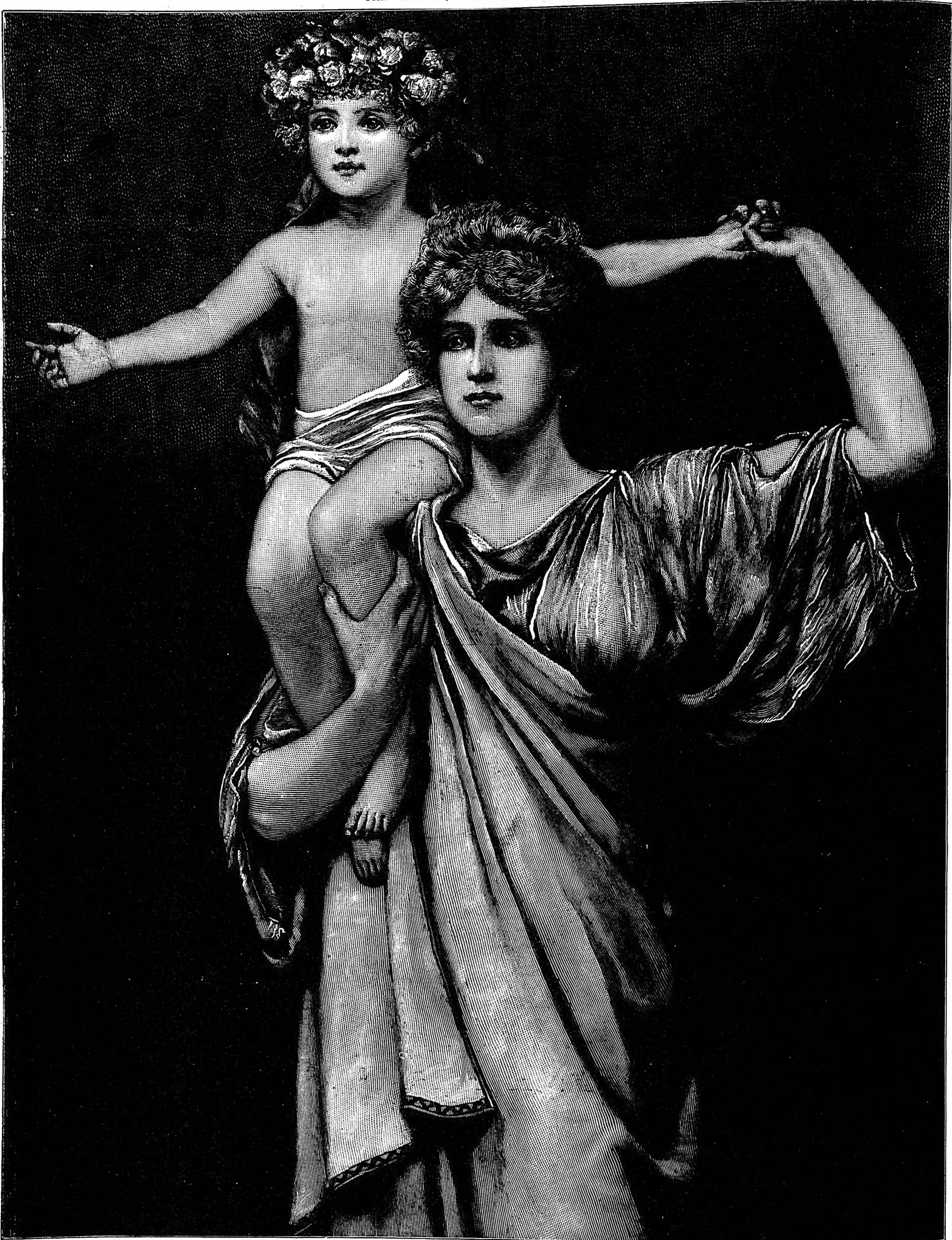
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**THE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 20, 1890**





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